

THE Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER WEEKLY FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Vol. II.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
35 William Street.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1871.

TERMS: \$3.00 per Annum in advance.
\$1.00 for Four Months.

No. 76.

WHEN I AM RICH.

BY J. PLACKETT.

"When I am rich," a miser said,
As morbid fancies filled his head,
"I'll have all things my mind to please,
And then retire to peace and ease;
I'll build a house, I'll take a wife,
And share the blessings of true life;
I know that in a wife's caress
There lies a fount of happiness;
A father finds sweet draughts of bliss,
In offspring's soft, pathetic kiss;
And then how sweet, in frosty age,
To close the final earthly page,
With loved ones near to see us die,
And bid us that last, long good-by;
Those who are of our bone and blood,
With whom we hope, beyond the flood,
To dwell in happiness complete—
"When I am rich," it will be sweet!
Time passed along; the miser thrived,
And in futurity he wove
His dreams of pleasure, all of which
He hoped to share—when he grew rich;
His hundreds into thousands grew,
And still his dollars were too few;
To millions yet increased his store;
"Twas yet too small, he must have more!
As upward still his riches grew,
His avarice loomed upward, too,
"When I am rich," he still would say,
Although his hair with age was gray:
His early dreams were all forgot,
And avarice controlled his lot.
A little time, and he was—what?
Erased, as any other blot.
What next? A stone, engraved on which
In mockery is, "When I am rich,"
This is the miser's epitaph,
The practical will read and laugh.

The Boy Clown:

OR,
THE QUEEN OF THE ARENA.
A ROMANCE OF THE RING

BY FRANK STANISLAUS PINN.

CHAPTER I.

A FALL FROM THE TRAPEZE.

The village of Frenchville was in a fever of excitement. The good people woke up suddenly one morning to find barns, sheds, stables, and every available portion of the village covered with huge posters and flaring pictures, announcing that

"COPENHAGEN'S
MAMMOTH CIRCUS
AND MORAL MENAGERIE!"

was coming. To the Frenchvillers this was an excitement, and long did they gaze at the cuts of the sylph-like beings who almost seemed to float through the air, or dance like feathers rustled by the wind. How the mouths of the youngsters did expand and to what an extent were their eyes opened at the monster pictorial of the daring man who was rash enough to place himself in the den of lions, and feed these denizens of the forest with raw meat. It was almost as good as the show itself to see those youngsters stare.

Older heads were not exempt from this fever. Although the shopkeepers thought it was wrong for a show to come and take all the money out of the place and make their business bad, yet they were going with the rest of creation, and their families were going along with them. It wasn't every day a circus was to be seen, and when the chance did occur it was thought best to improve it.

The long-wished for day came at last, and the troupe entered Frenchville in magnificent style. They strove to hide their jaded looks caused by a hard night's travel over a rocky road, where the jolting of the teams was any thing but conducive to sleep. The cavalcade was very imposing, representing as it did scenes in history; and the glittering armor, polished helmets and battle-axes shone in the sun, fairly dazzling the eyes that gazed upon them.

Among the members of that company was a youth of some fourteen summers. Almost too handsome were his features for a boy, while his form was one which many a sculptor would have been proud of for a model. Dressed in a fine, tight-fitting suit of a page, and riding his horse easily and gracefully, he was the most observed of all the artists. He seemed born to the saddle, and to have such gentle yet firm control over his horse, that it kept splendid time to the music of the brass band.

This lad's name was Henry Needhurst, but upon the bills, he was announced as Henri De La Forest. His grandfather, father and mother, all had been circus-performers in their day, and it was but natural that he should follow in their footsteps. As a ring equestrian, he was not a wonder, and yet, as we have said, in the street procession he achieved great triumphs. His forte was that of a gymnast, acrobat and trapeze performer, and never a better appeared in the sawdust ring. A fearlessness in his acts charmed and held spell-bound all his audience. So much for an introduction to our hero, whose adventures we are about to detail.

The procession wound its way through the village until it came to the lot upon which the tent was pitched.

The performers went to their dressing-rooms to doff their clothes. While Henry was putting on his coat, a young man, the jester of the troupe, approaching and tapping him on the shoulder, whispered:

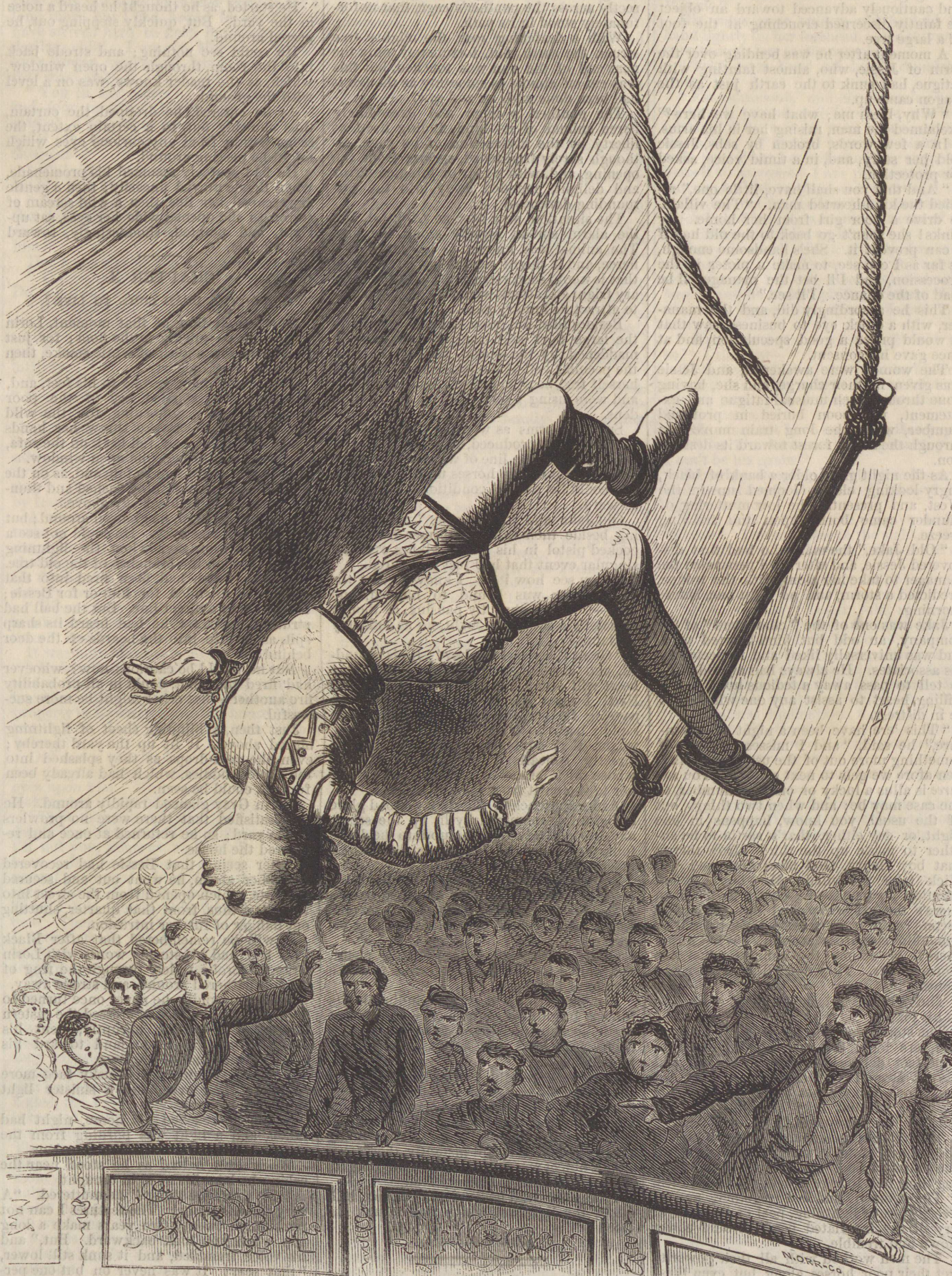
"Come outside. I have something to tell you."

The boy finished his toilet, and, taking his friend's arm, they sallied forth into the street.

"Well, Charley," said Henry, "and what is it that is so important and which can not be spoken aloud?"

"Perhaps you think me foolish, but I would advise you to keep a sharp look-out for Murker."

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A quick, sharp snap is heard, and the boy athlete is hurled outward and downward to the earth.

"Why, what's the matter with him?"

"Some one has told the boss of his being drunk the other night, and he swears it was you, and that he'll come up with you some time."

"It looks very likely that I should tell of him when I saved him from being thrown off the cart and dashed to pieces."

"So I tell him, but he will not be convinced."

"I've no grudge against Murker, and I've urged him often enough to reform, but he has so often called me a temperance twaddler that of late I have desisted."

"Well, remember I have warned you. By the way, who puts up your trapeze you perform on?"

"Murker, of course."

"Then I caution you not to go through your act until you have tried every rope and bar of it. Murker means mischief, and you will find it out if you are not careful."

"They had now arrived at their hotel, and dinner being ready the two went to the table and the conversation was forgotten."

This Murker was a man who had changed his occupation every little while, and had wandered from one city to another until he had come across the circus and applied for work and was accepted. Drink was his greatest enemy, and had caused him many a discharge from other places. He was a driver of one of the caravan cages, and it was but a night or two previous that he had taken more liquor than was good for him, and, forgetting where he was, he let the reins loose from his hands and would have fallen to the ground had not Henry caught him. The next day the manager heard of Murker's fit, and gave him notice to leave when his week was up.

Murker never stopped to inquire who was the informer, but, jumping at the conclusion that it was Henry, vowed vengeance upon the lad, and fearfully and terribly was it carried out!

On the same day that Henry and Charles held their conversation, this Murker was

putting up and arranging the cages, and gave vent to the following sentence, heard only by himself:

"Master Henry thinks himself a paragon of goodness, does he? Maybe he considers himself handsome, and that nobody has so good a form as he? Wouldn't I like to have him here and put him in this tiger's cage! I reckon that would spoil his beauty for him. He'd look nice with his face all mangled and bloody! But, I know a plan worth two of that. Put him in this cage and he'd not live long, but the other way he'd not live but suffer. And I'll do it, too. The man or boy who thwarts me shall not go unpunished. I'll play the saint with him and throw him off his guard. My act accomplished, then hey for California! The people of Frenchville will see a performance not in the bills. Where will their graceful and agile gymnast be? Henry Needhurst, better had you been coiled in the embrace of one of the cobras than turned informer on Archibald Murker!"

Another person approaching him, and drawing him into a conversation, brought his soliloquy to an end. Had Henry heard the remarks we have noted down, he would have gone to his duty with less lightness of spirit, and been more cautious in his proceedings. The afternoon exhibition took place without any thing happening, and, by the time Henry was dressing for the evening, the warning of his friend Charles had entirely passed from his mind.

At that evening's performance it would seem as if every village within ten miles of Frenchville had emptied itself for the purpose of witnessing the circus.

Henry's grand act took place at nine o'clock, and about half an hour before that time Murker began preparing the ropes and bars upon which the young athlete was to perform.

Most, if not all, of my readers have attended the circus once, if not oftener, during their lives, and will remember that beautiful and graceful, though dangerous part of

the performance called the trapeze act, where the performer goes through many wonderful evolutions, suspended in mid-air by means of these ropes and bars.

The person whose duty it is to superintend the arrangement of the apparatus, who is to see that the ropes are strong and safe, that all pins are driven firmly, and knots tied securely, has a great responsibility, for he literally holds the life of the actor in his hand. Murker knew this only too well, and a close observer might have seen a devilish smile playing upon his coarse features as he began his preparations.

For a few moments only was he busy straightening the cords and arranging the various pulleys, but even in that short time the fiendish work was done.

Close down to one of the blocks through which the supporting tackle was rove he applied the keen edge of a small knife which he held concealed in his hand, nearly severing the rope. A single strand alone remained, strong enough to bear the mere weight of the young athlete, but which would be sure to give way when the violent evolutions, such as swinging or jumping from the upper to the lower bar, began.

At length the ring-master announced the "celebrated trapeze act, by Mr. Henri De La Forest," and Henry came bounding into the ring, his fair young face all aflame with the excitement of the moment.

A deafening shout of applause greeted him, which he acknowledged by a graceful bow, and then, grasping the pendant line, he drew himself up, hand-over-hand, to the cross-bar, upon which he seated himself. Then began those truly wonderful feats that had gained him such well-deserved renown.

Now swinging by his hands, then whirling over and over with amazing rapidity, then again letting go all holds, he appeared to be falling headlong to the earth, but suddenly catching his toes upon the bar, he swung, head downward, from the giddy height.

Still the frail strand held, and darker and darker grew the brow of the assassin, Murker, as, from a secluded spot, he watched the performance, cursing himself that he had not cut deeper into the rope. Round after round of applause had greeted each difficult act of the daring athlete, and now he prepares for the last, and most dangerous of all.

He is to drop from the upper bar upon the lower, catching as before upon his toes, but this time while being swung back and forth the full limit of the ropes.

The assistant below grasps the cord that Henry has fastened to the bar and thrown down to him, and with a strong arm he swings the trapeze back and forth, each time causing it to make a wider sweep.

Calmly and with folded arms, the young actor sits upon the upper bar, waiting for the proper moment to make the dangerous leap.

Not a sound is heard throughout that vast audience, as, leaning forward, they gaze with all-absorbing interest upon the scene.

Suddenly, quick as a flash of light, the agile form is seen to dart downward, perform an evolution in mid-air, and then the firmly-set toes catch upon the bar and arrest the fearful fall. But only for an instant. Even as the shout of applause is hovering upon the lips of thousands, ready for utterance, it is changed to a cry of horror that is heard and taken up by those upon the outside.

A quick, sharp snap is heard, the level bar upon which the feet rest tilts upon one side, and then, as though thrown from some powerful engine, the boy athlete is hurled outward and downward to the earth.

Screams rent the air. Women fainted. The employees and performers rushed into the ring and took the body up to carry it to the dressing-room. The performance was not allowed to proceed. Henry was a favorite with all, and tears gathered in many an eye as they grouped around that form lying so cold and still.

"Dead! dead!" wailed several of the women.

But, there was one who not only said "Dead," but added, "Mercilessly murdered!"

CHAPTER II.

JESSIE, THE WANDERER.

AFTER Murker had accomplished his vengeance, he slid down from his perch and made his way as fast as he could through the streets of the village until he arrived at a lonesome and dreary part of it, where he saw a small cabin erected, and from which the smoke was seen issuing. Here he paused, undecided whether to ask for admittance or continue on until he had separated himself many a mile from the circus; for he well knew that retribution would overtake him were he caught, as he alone would be held responsible for the breaking of the rope.

"Little chance of their finding me here, I reckon," thought he; "they'll be off to-night, and I can easily escape to-morrow. No one saw me do it, but there'll be enough to suspect I had a hand in it, and suspicion is proof too often. I'll try this place, at all events, and if refused shelter, I can but go elsewhere."

Carrying his plan into execution, he gave a loud rap at the door.

A girl of about fourteen years of age opened it. This girl, although dressed in the coarsest of raiment, was very lovely. Her hair, which was inky black, fell in massive waves down her neck. Murker was astonished at seeing so beautiful a being in so homely a hovel.

The girl ushered Murker into the kitchen, and offered him a chair. Although it was a summer's night, there was a fire in the little cooking-stove, and there was a pot upon it from which came a scent as though herbs were cooking. The room was very poorly furnished, and the floor much worn in many places. The only occupant of this room, as the man and girl entered it, was a decrepit old woman who was spinning, and crooning some old song. As the stranger entered, the woman looked up as if wondering what his errand could be at that time of night.

"Grandmother is very deaf, sir, and you will either have to tell me your message or speak very loud to her," said the girl.

"Jessie! what are you talking with that strange man for? What is his business?" asked the old woman.

Murker told the girl he desired a place to stop during the night, and asked if he could be accommodated there. Jessie repeated this to her grandmother, and, although the old lady was at first reluctant to accede to the request, she was finally overruled in her objections by the sight of the dollar which he offered in payment.

Murker at once made himself at home, and fell to talking with the old crone, while the girl, Jessie, busied herself about the room, singing to herself in a low tone while so engaged.

Her voice was very sweet, and at once caught the ear of the visitor, who, from having heard so much singing in his circus life, was a more than ordinary judge of what was good or bad.

For a few minutes he listened in silence to Jessie, who was all unconscious of his admiration, and then suddenly turning to her, he said:

"Come, birdie, you have a rare voice. Give me a song, and perhaps I can find the mate of the piece I gave your grandame for you."

Jessie at first hung back, but presently overcoming her timidity, she sang the plaintive ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," with rare sweetness and good taste.

At the conclusion, Murker applauded

loudly, and then, as if struck with a sudden idea, he muttered, under his breath:

"By Jove! this is a prize! Let me but manage to get this girl in my possession and my fortune is made. Then for a life of frolic and fun, with plenty of money in my pocket, and liquor in abundance whenever I've a mind to, and no questions asked. It's worth the trial, anyhow."

As if the fates were plotting against the innocent girl and in favor of the villain, the old hag began a series of complaints about the hard times, and the difficulty she had in feeding two mouths.

"And now," she continued, "my darter, Melissy Ann's a comin' to live along with me, and there'll be three 'stead of two to look after. And then, you see, sir, though Jessie calls me grandpa, and thinks she is my gran'darter, she aint neither kith nor kin to me. Thirteen years ago, she was left at my door, and ever since I've had the rheumatiz she's been rale good to me. But, I don't see no way of keepin' her longer'n a week more, and then she'll have to scratch for herself."

In this manner the old crone went on grumbling, until at length Murker spoke:

"My good woman," said he, "I have a plan by which I can take her off your hands, if you will consent."

"Why, what on yearth would you be wantin' of the gal?" cried the old hag.

"Never you mind. She shall come to no harm. She shall dress like a lady, and be one, too; and then, as if thinking he had better explain, he continued: "I will have her taught to be a great singer. Come, now, what say you? I will give you twenty bright new dollars, and take her off your hands. Shall it be so?"

"Twenty dollars! That's a heap of money, and I'd never want for snuff or 'baccy. Twenty dollars!"

And thus, despite the tears and entreaties of the helpless girl, the cruel bargain was completed.

"Will you, can you, grandmother, send me away with this man, of whom you know nothing?" she asked, with tears streaming down her face.

But the sight of the clinking coin was too much for the old woman. She clutched the money in her skinny fingers, and turned a deaf ear to the girl's prayers.

"Then, hear what I have to say," said Jessie, no longer weeping, but with her eyes flashing with anger and determination. "I will not go with this man! I would far rather beg upon the highway than place myself in his power!"

"Hullo! young miss! I reckon you'll stop that nonsense when once you go with me!" exclaimed Murker, coarsely.

"Perhaps I may when I go with you, but that time will never come," answered the high-spirited young girl.

Without paying further attention to Jessie, Murker turned to the old woman.

"A bargain is a bargain," he said. "You've got your money, and I take my chance of getting the girl. Where are her things? I'll just fix them up in a bundle handy to carry."

"The gal's things are in that closet. 'Taint much she's got, but they're all in there."

Murker opened the door indicated, and went into the closet, when, quick as thought, Jessie banged the door upon him, and locked it, taking the key with her.

This done, she rushed from the hut, and fled away, she scarce knew or cared whither, so that she escaped from the power of the villain she so much feared.

Where to go she knew not. She possessed not a friend, even an acquaintance, other than the old woman with whom she had so long lived, in the whole world. But, with a brave heart, she pressed forward, until, at length, utterly wearied out, she was on the point of seeking a spot by the roadside where she could sleep, when she saw a number of wagons, drawn by horses, approaching.

Here, at least, she thought she might obtain shelter and protection, and so waited until they had come up.

In the meanwhile, Murker, when he found himself so cleverly caught in a trap, rapidly and hurriedly at the door, calling, with many an oath, upon the old woman to let him out.

But even had she been able to have reached the closet door she could have afforded no assistance, for it will be remembered that Jessie had taken the key, and Murker, getting desperate, threw his weight against it, and burst the fastenings.

With an oath he rushed from the place, but had just passed into the larger room, when a well-directed blow, dealt by some unseen hand, felled him to the floor.

CHAPTER III.

A NIGHT ON THE ROAD.

But Henry was not dead, although life was held by the thinnest fiber, and it was some time before he opened his eyes to stare upon a horror-struck crowd gathered around, and gazing on him. He strove to move, but if gave him agony to do so, and, as they endeavored to lift him up, a piercing scream came from him, that penetrated the hearts of those around.

Many a prayer went up in petition for that lad's life, and they were heard and answered.

"Ah, Mary!" said one of the women, "there are many who believe that people in our profession never think of a higher and better world than this. And I've even seen in a magazine that the performers in a circus are called ignorant and degraded."

"Well, well, Salie, let them talk. I believe, and I know you do too, that we have as near a right to heaven as they," answered another.

"Whoever did this awful deed—for we have found where the rope is cut—deserves to swing for it. It's next to a miracle that Henry wasn't killed outright. I don't see what saved him, falling, as he did, from so great a height."

"Yes, it was, indeed, next to a miracle," the woman said. "By some chance or other the cage, generally laid in the ring for ground and lofty tumbling had not been taken up, and this, in a measure, thwarted a villain's plans."

The physician of the village arrived in good time, and after a great deal of flourishes and asking of questions not applicable to the subject, proceeded to examine his patient, whom he pronounced to be badly, though not dangerously hurt. At first he looked upon the proposition of the lad's going on with the troupe as utterly impracticable. But when he was told that there were skillful nurses who would care for him, he finally gave his consent, and preparations were at once begun to render the journey as easy as possible.

A large feather bed was placed in one of the smoothest-going wagons, a careful driver was detailed, and the wounded boy's friend, Charles, assumed the duty of watching and nursing by his side.

Every thing possible was done, and then the troupe started on their night journey.

The distance to the next town or "station," where they had to perform on the following day, was some five-and-twenty miles, and as they had got a late start, it required steady driving, so as to be up in time for the "grand entrée," which, by many of the country people, is considered the best part of the show.

The country over which the caravan was passing was fortunately level, and possessed good roads, though much of the way led through dense forests, where, beneath the over-arching trees, the darkness was very deep.

The procession was passing through one of these woods, when, suddenly, the leaders of the first van shied violently at something on the road side, and refused to advance, the while snorting violently.

The driver leaped quickly to the ground, having given the reins to his companion, and cautiously advanced toward an object he faintly discerned crouching at the foot of a large tree.

A moment after he was bending over the form of Jessie, who, almost fainting with fatigue, had sunk to the earth just as the wagon came up.

"Why, bless me; what have we here?" exclaimed the man, raising her in his arms. In a few words, broken by sobs, Jessie told her story, and, in a timid voice, asked for protection.

"And that you shall have, little one," replied the kind-hearted man. "The villain, to drive a poor girl from her home. By Jinks! she shan't go back to the old hag if I can prevent it. She's handsome enough, as far as I can see, to make a picture in the procession, and I'll bet the manager'll be glad of the chance. I'll see."

This he accordingly did, and the manager, with a quick eye to business, saw that it would prove a good speculation, and at once gave his consent.

The women were awakened, and Jessie was given, in their charge, and she, having gone through such unusual fatigue and excitement, was soon buried in profound slumber, while the long train moved on through the silent forest toward its destination.

As the night grew older a bank of black, angry-looking clouds loomed up in the West, and presently the low muttering of thunder came borne upon the freshening breeze.

"Old Jake!" the man who had first discovered Jessie, and afterward persuaded the manager to take her along with the troupe, predicted a storm, and no light one, before morning.

Jake was one of the "characters" of the company, an odd but kind-hearted man, and was universally liked and respected by his associates. He always had a good story to tell to pass away a tedious hour, and a willing heart to assist any one who might be in distress.

"This 'ere have been a night of adventure," he said, "and I misses my guess if something more out of the usual don't happen afore we gets to next station. You see three is allus a lucky or unlucky number, as the case may be; and when two things, out of the usual, you know, happens in one night, or day either, that's sartin to be another to make up the third. Now there's that boy Henry, God bless him, and Old Nick take the villain M—, but I won't mention no names—he comes first. Then there's the gal we picked up—she comes second; and mark what I says, there'll be somethin' else afore mornin'. What a row there'll be among the animiles when this storm breaks. They don't like thunder and lightning!"

The rain falling in huge drops put a stop to his joking.

The storm was coming with all its fury, and, ere long, the rain poured down in a perfect deluge! Lightning flashed and played around the caravan, making the party look like witches coming first. Then there's the gal we picked up—she comes second; and mark what I says, there'll be somethin' else afore mornin'. What a row there'll be among the animiles when this storm breaks. They don't like thunder and lightning!"

The men worked with all their power to get their poor horses along, but, even these animals had given way to fear.

And yet, through all this fearful din, the young gymnast lay dreaming sweet dreams of other days, while his watcher kept his vigil silently, well knowing that, should his patient wake and find him absent from his post, it would sorely grieve him.

One of the women woke Jessie up and asked her how she could sleep in such a tempest, but the girl said she was used to storms, and that she loved to hear the thunder, for it lulled her to sleep, and many a night had she laid in a cave by the sea listening to its wild music.

They thought she was a strange child, and trembled again as the lightning illumined the sky.

Fiercer and fiercer raged the storm. Faces and forms were undistinguishable, save when revealed by the lightning, and then only shown to be hidden again in the black pall of the night.

Still, through all, the caravan toiled slowly along. There was no time to halt, for there was a duty to perform, and they must perform it or entail heavy loss upon the manager.

While the storm was at its very height, the train, leaving the open country over which it had been passing for some time, again entered the forest, at the foot a long hill, over which the road wound.

The wearied horses toiled painfully up the steep grade, and at length reached the level summit, where a halt was called to allow of a momentary rest before commencing the almost equally difficult descent upon the other side.

Upon either side of the road the forest trees lifted their heads, their long arms reaching far out over the road, in some places meeting and interlacing one with the other.

It was in such a place that the vans containing the animals were halted.

If the storm was violent in the valley below, it was found to be much more so upon the summit of the ridge, where the wind, having full sweep, roared and crashed amid the timber with fearful fury.

"Whew! what a night! And just listen to them animiles," said old Jake, as he crouched upon the box and drew his waterproof more closely about his person.

He certainly had cause for the last remark. Even above the din of thunder, as peal after peal, with hardly an instant's intermission, rolled from out the blacked space above, the horrid yells and screeches of the animals, well nigh maddened with terror, could be heard.

"I don't like the looks of that tree yonder," said Jake, pointing to an enormous oak, whose leafless branches, seen by a lightning-flash, told of the decay that was sapping its strength.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before a blinding flash, instantly followed by a report like that of a heavy piece of ordnance discharged close by, told the watchers that the bolt had struck in their immediate vicinity.

"Great Heavens! See there!" shouted the watchful old man, pointing, wildly, toward the dead oak.

A quick, sharp snapping of seasoned wood was heard, a louder crash, and then they saw, by the faint gleam of the lightning, the great tree rushing earthward, and directly across the panther's cage, that unfortunately stood in its path.

With a deafening roar, the mighty tree struck the earth, but, fortunately, only the rear end of the van was touched, but this was cut off almost as smoothly as though it had been done with ax and saw.

The panther, a huge and exceedingly fierce animal of its kind, finding itself at liberty by the destruction of its cage, although sorely frightened, sprung from the opening, and with a roar of mingled terror and delight, bounded away into the surrounding darkness.

The situation now became frightful, and the alarm spread rapidly along the line. The animal was known to be exceedingly fierce, and it might reasonably be expected that it would soon recover from its momentary fright and attack whatever might chance to attract its hungry gaze.

Besides this, the other animals, especially the large tiger and cage of lions, already maddened by the storm, had, on hearing the peculiar yell of the panther as she found herself free, become entirely uncontrollable, and were using every effort to force their dens.

Such fire-arms as were in the company were quickly produced, and the men distributed along the line of wagons to prevent an attack upon the horses until the broken van could be put in condition to be taken forward.

Old Jake and his "partner" were standing beside their van, the former holding a cocked pistol in his hand, talking over the singular event that had just transpired.

"You see how it is. I knowed that the third thing was bound to happen, and now—" Then abruptly pausing, as though struck by a sudden thought, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Great Heavens! the boy! He is wounded, and bleedin' yet, it may be, and that beast will scent him a mile off. Stay here, Ned! I must see to this!" and, without further delay, the brave old fellow ran rapidly back to where the canvas-covered wagon that contained Henry had halted, directly beneath a wide-spreading tree, whose thick branches served in some manner to shelter it from the driving rain.

As he approached the spot, a broad glare of lightning momentarily lit up the scene, and, instinctively glancing up into the dense foliage overhead, he beheld a sight that almost petrified him with horror.

In that brief moment while the lightning lasted, he saw the panther crouched upon a limb, directly above the canvas-covered wagon, and just in the act of making his spring!

Quick as thought, he leveled his pistol, and waited for the next flash so as to make certain of his aim.

A moment later it came, blinding in its intense brightness, and, as once before that night, accompanied by a crash of thunder so fearfully loud that he was stunned for an instant.

He saw the bright bolt as it leaped from the beam of the black cloud, and darting downward with inconceivable rapidity, bury itself amid the dense foliage of the tree-top near which he stood. He heard the ringing of splintered wood, and instantly, thereafter, a dark object was hurled downward, striking the earth almost at his very feet.

It was the dead body of the panther, killed by the lightning which had struck the tree!

(To be continued.)

Bessie Raynor: THE FACTORY GIRL.

A TALE OF THE LAWRENCE LOOMS.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER,"
"FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD," "THE MISSING
FINGER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

LORIN GRAY grasped Bessie's fainting form in his sinewy arms, and lifted her as a feather. The blow had been too great. A dead father in the house, and a brother brought in mangled and unconscious. It was indeed a moment of trial.

"Bear up, Bessie! 'Twas an accident! But—there, there—all will be well. Oh, Bessie! Good heavens, she is cold! Run, Adam—fly to Dr. Graham, on Essex street; you know the number. Fly, Adam! for there is more than one life at stake!"

He turned, as the young man, letting go the stretcher, dashed away at once, and carried the swooning form of the girl into the house. A moment, and he returned, and with the other operative brought in the stretcher, on which lay Ross Raynor.

We have not words to describe the anguish which tore the gentle bosom of Bessie Raynor, when, after a long time, she revived, and learned the extent of her brother's injuries. It was an hour or more before she fully recovered herself, and could realize the new misfortune which had befallen her.

But gradually, exhausted and sick at heart, the poor girl's sobs and moans ceased, and half reclining against the manly heart of the man who sat so anxiously beside her, her head sunk against him, and she slept.

Dr. Graham, who had been summoned, arrived long before Bessie recovered her consciousness. He first examined the wounded boy, only giving a passing glance at the girl, about whom he seemed to feel no concern.

He examined the poor cripple thoroughly, however. His opinion was, that the sufferer was seriously, but not dangerously, hurt. His left arm was broken, and he had suffered some contusions. The latter, the doctor said, amounted to nothing; the arm, to get well, would require about four weeks at the furthest. But the shock was what gave him the most concern.

After thus rapidly, but positively, expressing himself to Lorin Gray, the physician set to work, and applied restoratives, then stimulants, to the wounded boy.

Ross soon revived; but his groanings were piteous to hear.

Administering then an opiate, Dr. Graham, after reassuring Lorin Gray in regard to Bessie's condition, and requesting the young man to remain there that night, left, promising to call early next day.

When, at length, Bessie was sound asleep, Lorin Gray gently laid her on the old settee, placing a pillow under her head. And thus commenced his strange night-watch—watching over the living and the dead.

As the hours fled, he felt as though a mighty weight was dragging around his neck, as though he would stifle. He went to the window, which was only partially raised, and flung it up.

He started, as he thought he heard a noise in the yard. But, quickly stepping out, he peered around.

He could see nothing; and strode back into the room, through the open window, which, as the reader knows, was on a level with the ground.

As he entered, he dropped the curtain, thus shutting out, to a certain extent, the scene within from any curious eyes which might be peering around.

He had scarcely resumed his promenade, when Bessie moved uneasily; then a gentle cry escaped her lips, then a wild scream of terror, as she opened wide her eyes, sat upright, and, pointed, shudderingly, toward the window.

CHAPTER X.

CAN THE DEAD COME TO LIFE?

IT WAS well that, at that moment, Lorin Gray sunk so quickly to the floor; for just then there was a gush of white smoke, then a sudden, sharp report.

The young man sprung to his feet, and, unheeding the startled cry of the poor cripple up-stairs, unheeding, too, the wild shriek of Bessie, as she threw her hands above her head, and fell back on the sofa, he darted out through the open window.

Rain was beginning to fall, and, as on the preceding night, lightning flashed and thunder boomed in the black sky above.

One in the yard, he glanced around; but the darkness was inky. He could not see a yard from him, save when the lightning glared through the branches of the old tree. The shot which had been fired into that room, was intended for him or for Bessie; both were in a direct line. But the ball had struck neither, for he had heard its sharp spit, as it tore into the boards of the door behind.

But he would be cautious now: whoever had fired that shot, could in all probability fire another—that other might be more successful.

Just then, a blinding sheet of lightning blazed above. It lit up the yard thereby; even the rain-drops as they splashed into the little puddles, which had already been formed, could be seen.

Lorin Gray glanced rapidly around. He was satisfied that there were no prowlers in the yard; so he returned at once and re-entered the house.

After seeing that Bessie had recovered from her alarm, he went out and secured the gate, which opened from the street into the alley, thus, from that quarter, shutting out danger of further intrusion.

It will be remembered, that after Black Phil had had his stormy words with Lorin Gray, he broke rudely through the ring of persons gathered around, and strode away.

Walking rapidly, he never once turned to look back. Then he had crossed the eastern bridge, and, turning abruptly, bent his stride across the waste land toward his cabin on the bank of the river.

A frown rendered his dusky face more repulsive than ever, and a sinister light burned in his eyes.

When he reached his home, night had fallen, and a light was burning from the same window, as on the night previous.

Black Phil halted as he stood near the cabin; he bent his head in thought.

"'Tis a strange thing!" he muttered. "A very curious thing! The features I can not remember; twenty-two years make a long gap when you look backward. But," and his voice trembled, and it sunk still lower, "that scar! It was never on but one person's arm."

He ceased his mutterings, as, at that instant, the door was opened, and the woman, Nancy Hurd, stood there.

She gazed at him searchingly.

"Why, Nancy, I didn't know you were at home yet," he said, as he drew near and sat down on the door-sill, heaving a deep, troubled sigh as he did so.

"You said so long with Bessie Raynor, I suppose, that you forgot to come home for your supper!"

The woman spoke bitterly.

Black Phil slightly started.

"You are again treading on dangerous ground, Nancy," he said, in a low, deep voice. "Keep away from it, or you'll get into trouble for trespassing—that's all!"

"Well, Phil," she said, "where were you, if you were not with Bessie Raynor? You know well enough the mill has been 'let out' long enough for you to get home twice."

"'Tis none of your business, Nancy, and you've no right to ask me questions. But, I'll tell you why I was late. There was an accident in the mill."

"Ah! I hadn't heard it. What was it?"

"Nothing much—a boy hurt."

Black Phil seemed inclined to evade the subject or let it drop; for he spoke curtly, and still bent his eyes on the ground.

"A boy! And who was that boy?" queried Nancy. "There are two hundred and more to choose from."

"It was Bessie Raynor's brother—Ross. I said to look after him a little."

The woman started.

"Was the lad hurt much? Speak, Phil, for I love that boy!"

"I know you do, and I wonder at it. 'Twas the reason I didn't tell you sooner. But, he aint hurt much. He got in my way, and I stumbled over him. He fell against the belt coming up from the great turbine, and— Well, he got hurt through his own fault—that's all. Don't ask me any thing else."

As he spoke, he arose and straightened up; but he paused. Laying his hand on Nancy's arm, he asked, in a low, half-tremulous tone:

"Do you think, Nancy, that people ever come to life after they are—drowned—dead, I mean?"

The woman glared through the gloom at the face of the man.

"What do you mean, Phil?" she asked, in a low tone.

"What I say: Do you think people ever come to life, when they have been dead for twenty-two years and more?"

His voice was solemn and earnest.

"No, Phil; but—"

"All right, Nancy; enough. You have answered. Well go in."

CHAPTER XI.

LOOK TO YOURSELF.

BLACK PHIL and Nancy entered the house. The man passed on through the kitchen to the room in which we first saw him; Nancy remained in the former apartment, and busied herself with the stove, on which a frugal supper was cooking.

Once within the room, Black Phil glanced around him. As the light shone upon him, it revealed his face, pale and anxious, his eyes wild and startled.

He strode to the key-hole of the door, and cautiously stuffed it with paper. Then, without turning the key in the lock, he crept softly to the secret panel, which we have mentioned before, opened it, and looked, gloatingly, again at the glittering heap within.

"No, no; not enough yet! I must bleed him more; he must shell out. When I've gathered up a fortune, then good-by to Lawrence! But, not yet; I am not rich enough; I must have more. But, suppose it is the fellow? Good God! I—I would go crazy! No, no; it can not be! And old Arthur Ames! But, I had forgot; to-night I must see Arthur Ames by appointment. I'll be gone, and— You, Nancy!"

"Don't you want your supper, Phil?" asked the woman, coolly.

"No—yes—that is, is supper ready?"

"Yes, and waiting."

Mechanically he turned and entered the kitchen, where Nancy had spread the supper.

He sat down, hastily devoured his food, and arose at once. No word at all had been spoken during the meal.

He turned toward the door.

"I am going out, Nancy—"

"Going out again, Phil! You are just in! Can't you stay at home any?" and an angry scowl, mingled with a mad, jealous glance of the eyes, showed the deep emotion which stirred her.

"I am compelled to go—that's all."

"Going to see old Arthur Ames again, or that sickly-faced Bessie Raynor?"

"None of your business. That's enough. Expect me when—you see me."

With these words he turned and hurried away.

Nancy stood where he had left her, her eyes fixed on the door through which he had gone.

"Ah, Phil!" she muttered, "you, too, are treading on dangerous ground! Look to yourself! I love that crippled boy, but I hate his sister!"

She paused, and then for a moment continued muttering:

"I know not why I love the boy, unless it be that he has never spoken unkindly to me, and has seemed to like me. I'll be true to him; but, Bessie! I'll sweep her from my path! And you, Phil, ay! look to yourself!"

with a written document, sealed with a hideous oath!—Malcolm Arlington knows his advantage! he will not let it slip from him, for he fears neither man nor devil. And that paper—ah! I have it here. Let me see it once again."

He arose, and drew near a side-burner. He turned the gas on, and a brilliant light streamed through the rose-colored globe. He drew from a breast-pocket a folded paper, and, spreading it open, glanced searchingly over it. Then in a low, deliberate voice, as if he weighed every word as he went along, he read:

"This agreement, made and entered into this 20th day of August, 1898, between Malcolm Arlington of the first part, and Arthur Ames of the second, witnesseth: That, whereas, at a late hour of the night of date above, the said Arlington overheard incriminating words fall from the lips of the said Arthur Ames; and that, whereas, the said Arlington detected the said Ames, on the night above, in the act of robbing the safe in the banking-house of Arlington & Ames, all the contents of which safe, in money, being the property of said Arlington; and whereas, in a moment of chagrin and desperation, the said Ames did feloniously and murderously attempt the life of the said Arlington, it is agreed:

"First, that in consideration of stipulations to follow, the said Arlington swears himself to secrecy in the matter, and pledges himself to a lasting silence. That stipulation, to wit:

"That the said Ames pledges, without any reserve soever, and without any yes or nay on his part, the hand of his daughter Minerva, to the said Malcolm Arlington, she to become his wife by the holy bonds of wedlock, and to be his in case of failure, on either side, to fulfill his pledge, this agreement to be null and void."

"Signed MALCOLM ARLINGTON, ARTHUR AMES."

Old Arthur Ames paused and glared down at the carpet for several moments after he had finished reading this document of such singular provisions.

"No! no!" he muttered, and his voice was harsh and bitter. "There is no escape, and the paper is cruelly binding. Shall I convert my—my property under my control into money and fees? No, no! I can not! I will not! I can not give up my treasure, and, ah! blissful thought, I can not give up Bessie Raynor. She shall be mine, by love or by force. I'll grind her down to poverty. I have the key; I know where the deeds are kept, and the directions for finding—"

He paused suddenly. At that instant the door opened, and the tall, stately form of Minerva Ames entered. She was a brilliant-looking girl, with her large, gray eyes, her noble brow, her haughty mouth. Her rich black hair was drawn away in massive coils from her forehead, and then it was allowed to fall unrestrainedly over her shoulders. She was richly clad, as if for some great reception.

But there was something proud and wondrously scornful in the whole face.

To-night, as she unceremoniously opened the door, and entered the drawing-room, she was superbly beautiful; but a frown was upon her brow.

Arthur Ames hastily lowered the light by which he was standing, and crumpled the bond in his bosom. Then he turned toward his daughter.

"Ah! is it you, Minerva?" he glanced at her searchingly, by the mellow light glancing from the chandelier.

The girl did not answer. She walked majestically to a chair, and, without heeding her father, seated herself. Then she spoke, and there was sarcasm in her tone:

"You are fond of being in the dark, father."

"My eyes are weak; they pain me in a bright light, my child," was the old man's reply. And there was a tremulousness in his words, a something which betokened that he dreaded this interview with his daughter. From her manner he knew that for some purpose she had sought him—that she had something to impart.

"Ah! a recent affection, father," she sneered. "But let it go; the light is sufficient. I did not know you were in, until Mary told me, just now. Of late you come and go like a shadow that we must needs set spies on you to find you out."

The old man started, and glanced hurriedly at his child.

"Spies! spies, Minerva?" he asked, seriously. "And on your father?"

"I did but joke, father. But I am glad you are in. I want to see you."

"I've been in the house since four o'clock; long enough, truly, for you to find me. But what do you wish with me?"

Minerva Ames did not, at first, reply. She cast her head down, and seemed to ponder. But, as she lowered her eyes, she flung a bright, searching glance at her father.

After a moment she slid her hand into her bosom, and drew out a letter. Handing it to the old man, she pointed to the superscription, and said:

"I received this letter this afternoon. Do you know that handwriting, father? I ask, because if anybody should know it, you are the man?" and she held it before his eyes.

Old Arthur Ames glanced through his spectacles at the written words.

A single glance was sufficient. He drew back. His face reddened, then paled, and he riveted his eyes almost threateningly upon the face of his daughter.

"Yes, Minerva," he said. "I should know Malcolm Arlington's handwriting, and—"

"Tis well, father. Now we'll see if you can interpret the contents of this letter. Listen."

Going beneath the chandelier, she read: "MISS MINERVA AMES:

"I am a man who never minces words, or evades a point he wishes to make. So, in this case, I'll not deviate from a life-long rule.

"I love you, Miss Minerva—love you more than I ever loved woman—even more than my mother, heaven bless her memory. I love you honestly—for your beauty, your accomplishments, for your status in society, and because I am convinced you would make me a good wife. I have loved you now for four years, during which time my heart has never turned aside after another idol.

"There is a bond existing between your father and myself, which makes it best for you, and for him, that you should hearken to me. That bond is of a pecuniary nature. Perhaps Mr. Ames will enlighten you in regard to it. If so, he has my consent.

"I write this as a forerunner of a call from me. I will do myself the honor to visit you to-morrow evening, when I hope it will be your pleasure to receive me.

"Respectfully and sincerely yours," "MALCOLM ARLINGTON."

CHAPTER XIII

THE FATHER'S CONFESSION.

OLD AMES SUNK into a chair, bowing his head upon his breast. A smothered sob burst from his lips, then an anathema.

Minerva looked searchingly, yet scornfully, at him.

"Now, father," she said, in a cool, deliberate tone, "explain this strange matter to me if you can."

But he did not raise his head.

"Can't you speak, father? Have you lost your senses along with your tongue? How is it that you, in view of a pecuniary obligation, should dare pledge my hand to Malcolm Arlington? Tell me if you have, indeed, done such a thing."

"Still there was no answer."

The girl became impatient.

"Does Malcolm Arlington tell the truth, father?"

"Yes, yes, my daughter," answered the other, hastily, as he half sprang to his feet.

"Do you mean to tell me, father," and the girl's eyes flashed fire, while her bosom heaved with emotion, "that you, with all your various properties, with your high standing in the community, are under a pecuniary indebtedness of such magnitude to Malcolm Arlington, that, in security for it, you should pledge my hand to him?"

"Listen to me, Minerva," he said. "I have seen this terrible matter coming for a long time; but I had hoped to avert it. I have striven hard to keep it from you, my darling child. I am in Malcolm Arlington's power, am bound hand and foot to that man, and—"

"You in his power! You bound hand and foot to him! I can not credit my senses! I know that you are worth piles of gold! In the safe, in your chamber, fifty thousand—"

"Sh! sh! Minerva! Don't speak so loud! You know that—"

"And are you dishonestly bound to him?" she fiercely interrupted him. "Have you cheated Malcolm Arlington, or stolen from him?"

Her voice was hoarse and commanding.

"Yes, no, that is—of course—not! Never! Do you think I am a thief, Minerva?"

"It matters not what I mean, and I know not what to think. I want to get at the truth in this matter. Tell it to me, I bid you," and she stamped her foot authoritatively.

"I will tell you all, Minerva," he said. "You know that I am reputed rich. The world thinks so; but this house, with its elegant appointments, the property I own here in Lawrence, the pile of gold in the safe upstairs, are not mine."

"Not yours, father! Then, whose are they? Did you steal them, or inherit them by fraud?"

A marble-like pallor spread over his features as the last sentence spoken by his daughter fell on his ears. He started, a choking sensation seemed to spring up into his throat, and he held his hand half-threateningly toward her.

"What mean you, girl?" he demanded, in a harsh voice. "Whence these insinuations?" and he glanced at her like a wolf.

It was now Minerva's turn to start.

"Insinuations, father?" and her voice was a little unsteady. "I only asked a question. You say the gold in the safe, the property in Lawrence, and this house, belong not to you. I ask again: to whom do they belong?"

Old Ames trembled at the persistency of his daughter, but he felt the blaze of her eyes upon him. He recovered himself, and looking her in the face, he said:

"That they are not mine, and that I am deeply involved, should be sufficient. But, I'll tell you, Minerva, and briefly: I have been going behind-hand a great deal, for several years past. I injudiciously indorsed notes, which I had to take up and pay. Then, I lost, first in this, then in that venture. Then, for a certain speculation, I needed ready money. I had it not. I knew there was money in the bank. I determined to use it. I borrowed it."

He hesitated, as the falsehood stuck in his throat.

"I kept on borrowing," he continued, "until I got irretrievably involved. I could not conceal it from my partner. He had long suspected it. At last, he charged me right out with pilfering from the safe, saying that he knew I was guilty of theft. My blood boiled, for I had not stolen. I had simply borrowed, intending, of course, to return every cent. He would not listen to me. The amount I had taken was large—very large, Minerva; larger than the pile of money in my safe. So large, alas! that not only that money, but my entire property, is under lien to him—Malcolm Arlington! He would not be satisfied with less!"

As this other falsehood fell from his lips, he paused again, and looked covertly at his daughter.

Her blazing eyes were fastened upon him; she was reading his countenance.

Did she read it aright?

"Now, Minerva, but little need be added. Only last night, I met Arlington. He invited me to the bank, and then there, under threat of exposure and prosecution, forced me to enter into an agreement with him. The stipulations in that agreement were briefly these: First, on his part, he would say nothing of my conduct, and would not even exact from me that which I had taken—borrowed, you know; if, secondly, on my part, my darling child, I agreed that you should give your hand in marriage to Malcolm Arlington. Ah! my child, I yielded, for I knew that you would not see me disgraced forever!"

He paused and bent his head, not daring to look up.

Minerva Ames' face was now like marble. Her eyes stared almost meaninglessly before her, and her lips twitched nervously.

"You pledged yourself, then, father, to give my hand to a man old enough to be—your brother, at least?"

"Yes, my child. You see you are still in your minority, and—"

"But I am a woman, father, and I have a woman's heart, a woman's feelings. I can suffer, if I am yet under age. 'Tis very hard that, for your shortcomings and defections, I should sacrifice myself—all happiness—life itself, perhaps?"

"Sacrifice, my child? Why, Malcolm Arlington is a fine-looking man, in the very prime of life, and I know he loves you sincerely. And he has money—money, Minerva! That fact something, through whose agency he clutches me by the throat!"

"Nevertheless, I love not the man! You have sold me, father: in that act you have doubly disgraced yourself. Come what will, I can not stand by the pledge!"

"Can not! Why, my child, would you sacrifice me, my name, all our money and position to—"

"But, father, I love another!" and a wail went from her lips.

"Who?" thundered the old man, his eyes a-fire.

"Lorin Gray," was the low, but distinct reply.

"What! that base-born—Ha!" He paused, for, at that moment, the hall bell rung in a peculiar manner.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 73.)

Love-Blind:

OR, WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF "OATH-BREAKING," "SHADOWED HEART," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

IN THE SAME OFFICE where he had been at work that warm summer day, two years ago, Harry Gordeloup was sitting when Winnie Alvanley's letter was thrown carelessly on his desk.

He was changed somewhat; his face wore a more stern expression, and his beard had grown longer, making him look older, while it added, rather than detracted, from his appearance.

He had been true to his word; he had completely gotten over his brief infatuation for Lillian Rothermel, and learned to regard his disappointment concerning her as a just reward for his cruelty to Winnie.

When he had learned of Lester Alvanley's death, his heart had leaped to his mouth; now, he would get Winnie after all; and his surprise was only equalled by his grief at being refused by her even an interview.

When she had gone to Europe, he had given her up; there was no struggle, only a gradual closing out of the light and hope that had cheered him even while she was the wife of another. Then, like a rocket-burst, came her letter. At first, he thought it was a cruel trick—and he remembered Lillian Rothermel's wrath once upon a time—but when he saw his own indolence, he knew the light had broken in upon him; so brilliant and dazzling, that it blinded, while it rejoiced him.

He did not trust, to an answer; he took the first train out for Fernleigh, and reached there just as the family were sitting down to dinner.

All dusty and jaded with the railroad travel, he rushed up to Winnie, who had arisen to meet him, with a low cry of joy.

"My own! my own!" It seemed the burden of his heart, and he took her in his arms and kissed her again and again, utterly regardless of the presence of Lillian or Miss Amy, who, with discreet kindness, slipped through the French window after some more flowers.

Pale, calm, ladylike, Lillian went up to him.

"Harry, I beg you to forgive me for what transpired the last time I saw you. I am sorry. I ask you to pardon me; we need be enemies no more. Can we not be friends for her sake?"

She laid one hand on his, and another on Winnie's, whose happy eye stole pleadingly to his.

"Oh, yes, Harry; Lillian must be our best, dearest friend. But for her, this never would have been!"

She clung to his arm; and he, in the fullness of his strength of joy, gave his hand to Lillian.

"We will forget and forgive, Lillian."

She threw him a lightning glance of thankfulness and kindness; in her heart she grew elated and exultant and more merciful than ever! So they sealed the compact, and Winnie's new life began.

She wondered where the days and the weeks that followed went to; it seemed only a light, beautiful dream, and one morning she found her wedding-day had come! She was strangely restless and happy, yet, without a trifle grave that day, she was remembering another wedding-day, and another bridegroom, and then she turned with a cry of delight to Harry, who was watching her.

"We'll be all the happier, my own one, for the dark clouds that enveloped us so long. The sun is always the more welcome after a long storm."

And so it seemed their life would be; bright, joyous and peaceful; they went over the self-same ground that Winnie had trodden before on her first wedding tour, for she wished it to be so, and from the very first, her lightest wish was Harry's greatest delight to perform. Of all the favors she asked in her sweet, old-time way, there was one she had begged, with serious face, and quivering red lips. It was that Harry never would ask her *why* she had refused him once and married Lester Alvanley.

And he, well content enough that he had her at last, smiled and promised, and decided it was her affair, not his.

They were thoroughly happy in their married life; they sold Mr. Alvanley's residence and went to board at Fernleigh for the summer, at Lillian's request, and the world seemed nothing but brightness to the husband and wife, who had, next to each other, learned to love Lillian best.

And she, when no one saw her, would clench her white hands and his curses on them for their happiness; and then laugh horribly when some sudden thought came to her!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BLOW!

A PLEASANT winter's evening, just before the holidays; Lillian Rothermel and Winnie Gordeloup sitting under the gaslight, their fingers busy in preparing the little love tokens that the coming season called for.

Harry was lounging on the sofa, a half-read evening paper in his hands, his eyes really watching the two ladies, and one of them with particularly loving interest.

A sort of calm quiet had fallen upon them; Lillian was in a meditative humor, and Winnie was content with the frequent love telegrams from Harry.

The door-bell rang suddenly, with such sharp, successive peals that Winnie involuntarily started from her chair, while Harry laughed at her nervousness.

"It's the boy with the worsted from the city, I think. Shall I see?"

But Lillian's kind offer was not answered, for a quick, firm step came echoing along the hall.

"Who can it be—no one should come up that way. Harry, dear, see, will you? That fellow of Kinney's."

Winnie turned toward the door as it opened; and a quick, horrible cry finished her sentence.

"Oh, my God!"

Then she fell back into Lillian's arms, whose lips were pallid and eyes dilated.

For there, flushed and travel-stained, stood Lester Alvanley!

Harry sprang to his feet and confronted him, speechless from the awful shock; then, after a moment, he staggered backward to the sofa, and leaned his head upon his hands.

"And this is the way I find my wife, is it?"

His voice went thundering through the room, and brought the suddenly-smitten light into Harry's eyes, the fire into his heart.

"Your wife? Never! by all that is holy, never! She is mine before heaven and earth!"

Lester Alvanley's devilish laugh rang out low and terrible.

"We'll contest that, Mr. Gordeloup. In the mean time, Miss Rothermel, I am pleased to see you."

He extended his hand, but she shrank away.

"No! no! Mr. Alvanley, in mercy leave us. Indeed she is Harry's wife!"

"I am sorry I can't agree. Winnie—Winnie!"

His voice grew tender, and he laid his hand lightly on her forehead. She shivered, even though but partly conscious.

"Take your hand off her!" thundered Harry.

"Mr. Gordeloup," and Mr. Alvanley turned quietly around and faced the horrified husband, "there is no need of a quarrel in this affair. Of course I expect to claim my wife, even if she has unfortunately supposed herself to be yours. I am prepared to offer any equivalent to you—not because I am obliged to, but for the loss you must sustain—for I shall not for a moment dream of relinquishing my claim on her."

Harry listened with a ghastly face and sinking heart; he knew Lester Alvanley's wife was not his—oh, heavens! *and never been*—and he looked pitifully toward Winnie, who opened her eyes and saw only him.

"Harry, who was it that frightened me so? I thought—"

Then her frightened eyes, that had peered around the room, caught the awful sight again; and, with a scream, she flew to Harry's arms.

"He must not have me! Oh, Harry, you won't let him have me! I'll go with you; I can't be his again!"

Shivering, weeping, she clung to his arm; and he, scarcely less moved, pressed her tightly to him.

"You shall not leave me, my own darling Winnie! You are mine in the sight of God, if not of man, and I swear I never will desert you!"

But his voice was husky, and Winnie felt his heart throbbing madly against her.

"Mrs. Alvanley," Lester said, so dispassionately and coolly that her heart quaked, "I am sorry to find my place so preferably filled. I have brought home, after years of sickness, danger, shipwreck, a whole heart; and I expected to find the same. But, whether it is or not, my duty, urged by a very natural inclination, for which I am sure even Mr. Gordeloup can not censure me, leads me to re-establish what seems to be my forgotten rights."

Then Lillian, who had been very quiet and agitated, spoke.

"I leave us for the present, Mr. Alvanley. You see Winnie's nervous condition—leave her to my care and her husband—Mr. Gordeloup's."

Alvanley smiled grimly.

"A fine idea, truly! However, since my wife seems really agitated by my presence, I will say good-night, provided that Mr. Gordeloup accompanies me. Of course he will prefer to go, seeing that he has no legal right to stay."

How conscious he was of his superior power over them! how every word stabbed Harry's heart afresh! how Winnie clung weeping and praying to him!

Little wonder was it that Lillian Rothermel's face was pallid, and her eyes glowing fiercely.

Harry gently disengaged his wife's clinging arms.

"It is true, my darling, that I have no right to you—for the present, at any rate. I will go, but try and be calm. Remember it is only a question of time—any count in the land will give you a divorce from Mr. Alvanley."

Lillian started—was she thinking of the exposures and disgrace of the divorce court? but Lester only smiled contemptuously.

"As I said, I'll contest that. Miss Lillian, good-night. Winnie, my dear, this is a cool welcome for a return after three years; however, adieu."

He would have taken her hand, but Harry saved her interposed.

"Wait till you've proved your claim to that man."

And Mr. Alvanley returned to his hotel, where the news had been broken to him, his face wearing a strange smile as he lit a cigar and slowly smoked it.

And Harry Gordeloup, torn with bitter grief, walked the grounds all night, watching the light in Winnie's window till it paled in the light of day.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MASK UNMASKED.

LILLIAN ROTHERMEL was invaluable in her thoughtful kindness for Winnie, during all that long, terrible season of agony that followed the return of Lester Alvanley. The community at large was no less shocked than was the unfortunate woman herself; and certainly no less demonstrative in Mr. Gordeloup's favor than was Winnie herself.

For days and nights Winnie neither ate nor slept, but paced the floor of her room in silent, consuming agony. Of her own course she had no doubt, so far as her heart might lead her; never, *never* again would she live with Lester Alvanley; let all the powers of earth attempt to persuade or coerce her and she would resist. Sooner than go back to the old life she would die; there would be rest then, at the least.

She had been too happy as Harry Gordeloup's wife; she often had wondered, even amid the peaceful sunshine, if another woman lived who was so best as she; and now, that the thunder-cloud had burst on her, from so clear a sky, apparently, she remembered her past happiness with a still keener anguish.

Besides herself, she suffered for Harry, her tender, devoted husband; and she fiercely repeated the endeared word: he was her husband, for all that other had arisen from the dead to mock her. To Harry she had sworn to be loyal and true; to him she would turn in this affliction, let who might

cast their scornful looks upon her. She felt her own soul clear, and what mattered all else?

To Lillian she poured out her whole heart; it was on Lillian's shoulder she wept her bitter tears; from Lillian's tender lips she heard the advice her own heart throbbled an assent to.

Then, one morning, Mr. Alvanley demanded an interview of her; and she went to see him, as one might meet a stranger—or an enemy.

"Where is the use of you fighting against me? I am the stronger, the more determined, and, by the powers that be, Winnie, I will not give you up."

She stood before him, pale, silent as a ghost; only the slumbering light in her deep violet eyes gave token of the fires within.

"By Jove, Winnie, I doubt if a fellow was ever in love with his wife as I am with you! You're a thousand-fold handsomer than when I went away."

His admiring gaze brought a dull glow to her pallid cheeks; but her lips curled.

"Your fulsome flattery is simply ill-timed. What is it you wish of me?"

He laughed, and leaned carelessly back in the arm-chair.

"That's rich, isn't it? What *should* I want, if not to call you my own again? Of course I've come to tell you it's all settled, and I have sent for my luggage from New York. When you leave Fernleigh, we'll find another boarding-place."

A curdling shiver ran over her to hear this man assume his rights. Was it true?

"I never shall leave Fernleigh with you, Mr. Alvanley. I acknowledge no fealty to you more than to the veriest stranger on the earth; but, if the cruel laws of this country can force you upon me, rest assured that my power lies only in words; for, Lester Alvanley, so sure as there is a Heaven above to protect me, so sure will I never, *never* be aught to you!"

She was trembling, yet she felt her heart strong within her; momentarily, now that her defiant stand was taken, something within her whispered courage and hope.

His own eyes grew dangerously bright, and Winnie saw a pallor gather around his mouth, as he partly rose from his chair.

"Do you dare defy me—me, your lawful husband? You scorn me—*you*, the illegitimate wife—"

"Enough!" she cried. "Your lying lips have proven your vile heart; but if, as you say, I am the unlawful wife of Harry Gordeloup, such will I be, to the latest day of my existence, in preference to a life with *you*. Are you satisfied now?"

How glorious she was, defending her own pure self, and she read aright the passion gathering in Mr. Alvanley's eyes.

"By Heaven, I am *not* satisfied! It maddens me to hear you! and I'd sooner take your life from you than let you give it to that poltroon—"

His sentence was ended by a staggering blow that sent him reeling across the room, and Winnie sprang to Harry Gordeloup's open arms, as he stood there, his face deadly white with just indignation.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 71.)

Jack and His Beanstalk.—The natives of New Zealand believe that Tane-mahuta, the father of forests, keeps the sky from falling on the earth by the myriad tree-tops scattered over the face of the earth. They have a story somewhat like our "Jack and the Beanstalk," in which the hero, Tawhaki, finds long tendrils hanging down from the clouds. He catches hold of one of these, scrambles up it, and discovers it to be the root fiber of a great palm growing in heaven.

The Zulus have a story of a boy and

THE Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.
NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1871.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

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THE NEW SERIAL!

In the coming issue we present the opening chapters of

MR. BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL'S

NEW ROMANCE OF HIGH AND LOW LIFE,

OR,

OUT IN THE WORLD;

OR,

THE FOUNDLING OF RAT ROW.

In his "In the Web" the author showed out in a most happy vein, not only presenting his characters with a Dickens-like fidelity, but giving us characters that, in themselves, were well calculated to hold the reader as by a spell.

This quality he more fully elaborates in his new story, as if he felt his strength; and the consequence is,

OUT IN THE WORLD,

as a story of the street gamine; of the tenements; of the heart and home of the loving poor; of the beautiful loves of the poor; of the strange, sad history of the foundling; of the sudden change from Rat Row to the elegant country place; of the life of the foundling in a sphere which she adorns like a star; of that lasting faith in human nature which bids her keep a first love strong and pure—is

WILKIE COLLINS AND DICKENS COMBINED

in its pathos, beauty and power. There is, however, a double interest in the story, for, beneath all the foundling's eventful life, runs the current of a martyred heart which comes up here and there like lights at sea, to cast fitful gleams over the waters. It is the story of a wronged woman, brave and great in her misery, grand in her love and mighty in her sacrifice. It is

A HEART AND SOUL ROMANCE

that none who commence to read will fail to read to the end; and which will make for its author a wide circle of admirers.

Our Arm-Chair.

A Protest.—The habit of calling things by names meant to deceive is so common as to cease to excite remark. Nowadays, a grog-shop is called a sample-room; a lottery den is an exchange office; a barber-shop is a studio, etc., etc.; but, we think, one of the *siest* of our popular dodges to secure notice or customers, is the habit of giving French names to what we eat, drink and wear. Some of our up-town restaurants carry this matter so far as to print their bill of fare only in French! Half the dress goods and trimmings sold have French names. Our writers for the press are lugging in French phrases to an extent that presupposes every reader to be familiar with the foreign tongue.

Now, all this is simply disgusting. We have a language of our own equal to every conceivable want of business, journalism, or society; and this effort to make it play "second fiddle" to the bastard Latin and mongrel Provençal, called French, is a philological crime, which, if unchecked, will demoralize our noble Anglo-Saxon speech. Over one thousand purely French words are now grafted in our dictionaries; another thousand French phrases are in common use; more than that number of French terms are used in business—thus showing that one-tenth of our common parlance is in this imported jargon.

We appreciate scholarship, as such, but we want no French-English corruption of our literature or speech; and we want no better evidence of a flunky, than to hear a man or woman interlarding conversation with French phrases.

This may be plain talk, but it is good English!

The Boy Clown.—This short serial, commenced in this number, will give special pleasure to our young readers, but it will equally interest their elders. It is both a story of the amphitheater and of the loves of two young, true hearts, in whose varied fortunes the reader will obtain a personal interest. The story will be completed in a few numbers.

The Black Crescent.—Mr. Morris' new romance, with this title, will have its "turn" soon. Like his "Dead and Alive," it is a powerfully cast work, having in it one succession of acts and events of a strange, startling and deeply impressive order.

The Boy Buccaneer.—There is no species of story more entrancing than a well-conceived, well-told romance of the sea. We have this in "The Ocean Girl; or, the Young Buccaneer," which we shall soon give to our great audience of admiring friends. It is from the hand of the pen that gave us "The Boy Crusoe"—an announcement enough in itself to excite attention and create a buzz of expectation in many a home.

A LITTLE BIT OF COMMON SENSE.

MOTHERS who wish not only to discharge well their own duties in the domestic circle, but so to train up their daughters that, at a later day, they will make happy and comfortable firesides for their families, should watch well, and guard well, the notions which their children imbibe, and with which they grow up. There will be so many persons ready to fill their young heads with false and vain fancies, and there is always so much aloof in society opposed to duty and common sense, that, if mothers do not watch well, their daughters may contract ideas very fatal to their future happiness and usefulness, and hold them until

they grow into habits of thought or feeling. A wise mother will have her eyes open and be ready for every case. A few words of common, downright, respectable, practical sense, timely uttered by her, may be enough to counteract some foolish idea or belief, put into her daughter's head by others, while, if it be left unchecked, it may take such possession of the mind that it can not, at a later day, be corrected.

One very false impression abroad in this age is the notion that women, unless compelled to it by absolute poverty, are out of place when engaged in domestic affairs.

Now, mothers should take care lest their daughters get hold of this conviction as regards themselves; there is great danger of it. It is the fashion of the day so to think. And the care that an affectionate family take to keep a girl, during the time of her education, free from all other occupations than those pertaining to her studies, also endangers it.

It is possible that affection may err in pushing this care too far; for, as education means a fitting for life, and as a woman's life is much connected with domestic or family affairs—or ought to be so—if the indulgent consideration of parents abstains from all demands upon the young pupil of the school not connected with her books, or with her play, will she not naturally infer that the matters with which she is never asked to concern herself, are, in fact, of no concern to her, and that any attention she may ever bestow upon them is not a matter of simple duty, but of grace, of concession, of stooping, on her part?

Let mothers avoid such a danger! If they would do so, they must bring up their daughters from the first with the idea that, in this world, it is required to give as well as to receive, to minister as well as to enjoy; that every person is bound to be useful, practically, literally useful, in their own sphere, and that a woman's first duty is the home and its concerns and demands.

Once really imbued with this belief, and taught to see how much the comfort and happiness of woman herself, as well as of her family, depends on this part of her discharge of duty, a young girl will usually be anxious to learn all that her mother is disposed to teach, and will be proud and happy to aid in any domestic occupations assigned to her, which need never be made so heavy as to interfere with the peculiar duties of her age, or with its proper pleasures.

If a mother wishes to see her daughter become a good, happy and rational woman, never let her admit of contempt for domestic affairs on the part of her child, or even suffer them to be deemed of secondary importance.

They may be varied in character by station, but they can never be secondary to a woman.

The freaks of fortune are peculiar. The possession of wealth, she will not be an excuse that the daughter of the house need not know, or care, any thing about the household duties. The rich man of to-day is often the poor man of to-morrow. And, after the sudden descent from wealth to poverty, how pleasant the thought to the toiling father that his wife and daughter are competent and willing with the work of their own hands, to make his humble home a home indeed.

ESPECIALLY FOR GIRLS.

The acceptance by young women of courtesies from gentlemen which necessarily involve expense, is oftentimes the cause of serious trouble and embarrassment. The free-heartedness of young men, or perhaps love of gratifying self-pride, leads them into proffering entertainments and the like, which the financial state of their purses is no wise will warrant, and which oftentimes are proffered with never the hope or expectation of acceptance. Occasionally I hear girls denouncing Mr. So-and-So, as being "mean, stingy, etc." because, after taking them to the theater, opera, or concert, a supper at some fashionable restaurant was not also added; or, if becoming wearied with a stroll in the park, a carriage at an expense of three or four dollars was not at once placed at the fair ones' disposal.

No girl can honestly retain her own self-respect who allows herself to be the recipient of expensive courtesies from a man whom she knows to be financially unable to dispense such hospitalities or liberality. Of course, every thing in this world is governed largely by circumstances. If I invite a friend to dine with me, man or woman, the expense, if any, is my own by right. Because it is in the power of an individual, man or woman, to do me a favor, it is my right to return proper compensation therefor. But, because the courtesy comes from a man, it does not signify that it is not to be answered the same as if it came from a woman; that makes no difference. Accidental expenditures become a matter of business. Invited expenses are quite another thing; and, even here, young women have no moral right to encourage foolish and unnecessary extravagances.

You may think this appears "prim and absurd," but, if you will give the subject serious thought, I think you will readily discover that many possibilities for dishonesty and unpleasant embarrassments that may, and do result, from careless, thoughtless young women, in their social relations to young men. Those favors and courtesies that any one can give are most acceptable and enjoyable which can be compensated in the currency always at our command—sincere and honest thanks.

ADRIENNE.

MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL STORY.

THE "Winnebago Sunday-school Society" called on me recently, requesting me to write them a short story, of a moral character. I consented. I reviewed my entire past life, but could not discover enough morality in it to make me think my autobiography would be a successful or appropriate one. I bought a number of primers, and discovered that, to make a Sunday-school story attractive, there must be two characters, one a very good one, and the other diabolically bad.

After nibbling at my pen for a few hours, and running my fingers through my wig, in a poetical manner, the following result was attained:

"Good Fred and Bad Joseph." Frederick and Joseph were brothers; but as Fred loved Joseph, Joseph didn't hanker after Fred's society any too much, consequently, there was much difference in their character.

Joseph admired "Shoo Fly." Fred doted on "Now I lay me," etc.

One bitter cold night, the wicked Joseph put chunks of ice into the bed of Fred. The latter made no outburst of anger, but, in angelic accents, said:

"Darling brother Joseph, you have taught me a good lesson. Here have I, night after night, been calmly sleeping in my comfortable bed, little thinking of the poor wretches who suffer from the cold. These chunks of ice have taught me a lesson, and I shall never forget it. It was a nice idea of yours."

But, wicked Joseph only answered, "Dry up!"

Fred stood in the porch the next day, where the sun could shine upon him, but the rays were not powerful enough for him to "dry up;" so he went to the presence of his bad brother, and told him how impossible it was for him to obey his commands. This put Joseph into a passion, and, taking his little angel of a brother, he threw him into the street from a sixth-story window. But, instead of Fred being landed on

"The other side of Jordan,"

In the sweet fields of Eden,

he went plump into the arms of a burly negro. The son of Africa, thinking an angel from heaven had paid him a visit, was startled from his ways, and did nothing but read tracts to the day of his death.

Fred returned to the house, and again stood before his wicked brother.

"Joseph," said he, "it is the duty of all of us to accomplish every thing we undertake. You undertook to destroy my life; you did not accomplish it. Will you not try it again? The next time you may be more successful."

Joseph took his hair, ground his teeth, and rushed about the house. Recovering from his savage fit, he shouted in the angelic boy's ear:

"You think yourself a saint, I suppose, Master Frederick, but you're not. I wouldn't be like you for any amount of spondulics. I'd a great deal rather smoke cigars than sing hymns. Why can't you throw away that doleful expression, and be a 'Rackety Jack'?"

"Oh, I can not!" answered Fred, and then he commenced to sing,

A little word in kindness spoken."

Bad Joseph began on "Shoo Fly."

Fred with his little pocket-handkerchief with his tears.

"Stop that howling!" cried Joseph;

"you're a juvenile humbug and a torment."

"Forgive me for being a humbug and a torment, won't you?" murmured Fred.

"Oh, you go to thunder!" was the ungracious reply.

Frederick said his little prayers, and put all his little playthings away, and marked the name of some loved friend upon each little one. He took a fond and farrel leave of all his friends, told them to be good, so that when they died, the good Mr. Sabine would not refuse to bury them. He put on his overcoat, his comforter and his cap, and stood on the outside of the house. There was rain, and lightning, and thunder all about. The angelic lad seemed not to fear. At last, a ball of fire came thundering the air, and then there was a heavy crash. His parents ran to the outside of the house in search of Fred, but he was nowhere to be seen. He had obeyed his brother's commands. He had gone to thunder!

Remorse came over the wicked Joseph, and he had no peace of mind at night, and no piece of pie by day. If he went out sailing, the boat upset and he got drowned; if he ate peanuts, he was sure to be poisoned; if he skipped rope, he was sure to hang himself; and if he went through the woods, the bears ate him up, until he got so fairly disgusted and tired of dying, that he was obliged to live and be a warning to all wicked lads.

The "Winnebago Sunday schoolists" declined my story, as they said "going to thunder" was much akin to swearing, and that Frederick was an impossible boy. I have reserved the sole right to dramatize the above story.

SMITHERS, THE SHOWMAN.

SLANG.

Most decidedly this is the age of slang. And it is a great pity that a people of so much intelligence as the American people, and having a language at command containing pure and elegant words enough to express any idea which can be expressed at all, should fall into so abominable a habit.

It does not seem to be confined to any class, sex, or age. Even in the rosebud mouths of dainty ladies, and from the lips of lisping children, we hear such expressions as "That's what's the matter," "How's that for high?" and such like; or such by-words as "bully," "all hunk," "skedaddle," and so on, to the end of the chapter.

Now these expressions may answer in the mouths of the roughs of the bar-room or billiard saloon, but in our own homes, from the lips of our own wives, sisters, mothers, and children—oh, shade of all that is chaste and elegant in diction, spare us from them!

People seem to have an idea that it is witty or funny, or appears smart to use such terms. But it is no such thing. They grate harshly upon the senses of every person of taste and refinement who hears them, and though familiarity may dull the senses, still it is wearing away the walls of both delicacy and refinement, to lose which would be an irreparable misfortune.

The love of slang prevails to such an alarming extent that it is tainting the public taste, and sowing the seeds of corruption all over the broad fields of literature. Look at the productions of Bret Harte, and others of his class. They are talented, undoubtedly; but is it not a pity that talent should descend to depict only the lowest and roughest phases of character? However natural and true to the life the picture may be, is it wise to familiarize our innocent ones with sides of life they need never see unless held up to their view?

"It does no harm," some one may say. Does it not? I am tempted here to remind you of the ancient philosopher, who, wishing to show his own pure daughter the evils of injurious company, bid her take the dead coals from the fire in her white hand, and showed her that, though they did not burn, she could not handle them without being blackened.

Leaving these really talented writers out of the question, our whole country is flooded with a class of literary (so-called) productions, eagerly sought after and devoured, whose only merit is their bad grammar and worse spelling, and the worse the better. At least it seems to be their merit, and is what makes them acceptable.

Is not pure, high-minded literature in

danger when nothing but "slang" will please the people? And are not the people in danger when they are pleased so much by it?

It would be well for us to think of this. Well for teachers, preachers, editors, writers, everybody and anybody, everywhere and anywhere, to think of the extent of the habit, to speak by word and example against it.

Then we might check the intrusive tide of slang, and the evils which are carried along with its resistless waves, and be greatly elevated and improved. M. D. B.

Foolscap Papers.

Job.

I READ the melancholy history of this unfortunate gentleman this forenoon, and I must confess, it awakened my liveliest sympathies. I have reason to believe he is dead and safely out of his troubles now, and I am glad of it; for, I believe, no one except myself ever suffered so much.

The gentleman in question was the richest man in the kingdom of Uz, (you will find the kingdom of Uz if you look long enough for it, but don't look for it on the map of Indiana, for if it ever was located there it has long since been removed; any way, you can guess where it is, and that will answer the purpose), and very upright; that is, he walked as straight as a new congressman in his first term.

He had seven sons and three daughters—

he was married.

His seventh son was a fortune-teller, and also a physician.

We are informed, further, that Job, through the columns of the *American Agriculturist*, had learned that English sheep were the best, especially of the South Down and the North Up breeds; so, he had imported seven thousand. He also had three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, five hundred other animals, four hundred yoke of pigs, two hundred dogs, two hundred cats, besides a very large household, and money in bonds and bank.

He was considered an honest man, and was held in such high esteem by all who knew him, that he was frequently solicited to run for sheriff of the county; but, he preferred to remain at home to look over his affairs, shave notes, and loan money to his friends in need, and it may be said, to his infinite credit, that he never made it a rule to charge more than two per cent. a month.

His correspondents always, in directing their letters to him, put "Esq." to his name, especially if they desired to renew that little obligation.

I do not read that he ever started a clothing store. I don't think he did.

Now, it came to pass that a gentleman named Satan, (one loses nothing by being polite,) in roaming up and down the earth with an eye single to the interests of men, seeing that Job was an honest and upright man and didn't live in Washington City, argued that if he was deprived of his possessions and otherwise afflicted, he would turn to be about as wicked as any other man, and that he would take to drinking, and, finally, throw himself away by running for some office; so, the above-named gentleman (to be respectful) got permission to manage his affairs in the way he wanted to, and set to work right away at it.

The price of wool immediately went down, and his sheep were a total loss; the sheriff levied on his oxen and other animals, which were plowing in a field of Norway oats; his servants lost their lives by spontaneous combustion (a thing that, somehow or other, never occurs to servants at the present day); his camels, which he had purchased of Van Amburgh, all got their backs up and went off with another show; his sons and daughters were assembled in a rickety house which had been built by contract, dancing and drinking wine, when the house fell down, leaving nothing standing except the chimney-hole, and leaving those sons and daughters well under roof, but all these things failed to make Job swear, as any man would have done nowadays.

Then he began to have boils—the worst things to make a man unconsciously swear in the world, and very straining on a man's religion. Those which he enjoyed were the patent-lever, duplex, no escapement, assorted kind—the very worst kind, by the way, and you know the boils you have are always worse than anybody else's boils, so thought Job. He had two on the back of his neck, and whenever he forgot and moved his head, he was suddenly reminded never to attempt it again. He was the worst boiled and par-boiled man that ever was. He went out to the barn and tried to scrape them off with a curry-comb, but he found it was the worst scrape he was ever in, and was induced to give it up. He had whole corps of them, and he was frequently encored. He refused to take a seat at the table; but still he didn't swear, although he came very near it.

Patent-right-men commenced to call upon him; ladies with subscription books came; his wife's mother took up her residence at his house, and yet he wouldn't swear!

The buttons got scarce on his shirt; and holes got to be plenty in his stockings; and his country relations redoubled their comings and foreshortened their goings, yet he resolutely refused to be profane!!

His wife built up an account at the dry-goods store; bought her mother some presents; held evening receptions; made his coffee a little weak sometimes; knocked his fluff hat off the table by accident one day; had the headache occasionally; wanted a new pair of shoes once; presented the milk bill; touched one of his boils upon a time; had cold feet one night; wasn't able to get up one morning and make the fire; but, in spite of all this, he preserved that calmness which has made his name a synonym of patience and the exception of husbands!!

Baffled in his attempts upon the wonderful good nature of such a man, Satan gave up in despair, and he went off, shaking his head. But, I may very safely assert that he never had any such hard customer to deal with since.

Job's possessions were all returned, his sheep, etc., were doubled, and his children also.

His mother-in-law left, and he lived to enjoy her absence for many years.

Your historical

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Mr. Whitehorn evidently has been suffering from some of Job's afflictions, that he should choose the good old patriarch for a subject. We hope no reader will deem the writer irreverent, for that we are sure he is not.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return, no postage is now sent for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book Mr., and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are important are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We return "Moses." It is very clever, of its kind, but strikes us as being calculated to offend some people. Author, must "try his hand" again.—The Old Club, is returned. Poems chronicling the events of a drunken bout are not in the best taste.—The MS., "Deep Hollow Murders," we shall not be able to use. We have an overstock of matter of its nature. MS. is subject to the author's call.—The Emerald Ring, we return. MS. is imperfect as a composition.—MS., "Bob Fulton's First Hunt," not available, and returned as a postponed read in court.—Have written author.—Can make no use of the MS.—"Condemned, yet not guilty." No stamps.—Will use "The Turkey Trot." Big Tussle.—The Tiger of Jalisco.—A large supply of matter on hand compels us to return "A Night Dream." Louise, the Garden Girl.—Pretty, but Dangerous.—"Robber John." A Free Press.—The Three Preachers.—Authors of course will understand that a rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many of these named are worthy of use, and doubtless will find place in some of the weeklies less overstocked than ourselves. We appear to be great favorites with authors, judging from the number of MSS. which they send in their productions. We are always glad to receive their contributions, even though, necessarily, many of them have to be returned. Whatever is very good we are pretty certain to retain.

F. B. Your subscription expires with No. 77.

J. M. Will publish the stories by Brin Adams early in the fall. The romance by Mayne Reid shall try and drop in soon.

SCRIBER.—Can supply you with back numbers price six cents each. "The Bandits of the Seloto" commenced in No. 25.

ALBERT.—Can supply you with the back numbers named—price 95 cents. Will send them on receipt of amount named.

T. ROBERTS.—Choose the trade for which you have the most liking. Never try to learn a trade that, from the first, you dislike. Almost all trades are open to a good boy of your age.

W. A. LAY.—Will supply you with Nos. 1 to 62—price six cents each. Thank you for your good opinion of our paper.

MISS B. M. LANCASTER.—Have seen nothing as yet (July 27th) of the MS., "Edith's Plot."

CLARA W. ALBANY.—We again say: trust no anonymous correspondents. Did you not see the case reported in the papers a few days since? A young fellow was arrested for a nameless crime, and on his trial letters were read to the jury, which reported from over thirty young ladies in all parts of the country whom he had allured into "a friendly correspondence." He was acquitted. There are men who make a business of art and animal stuffing. They are called taxidermists. The cost for stuffing and mounting a bird is one dollar.

BELLA CURTIS.—The burlesques of women's costumes, in some of the illustrated papers, may be burlesques; but the women of to-day, it strikes us, can hardly be slandered by the exhibits of how they look. The costumes of a well-equipped young woman is something wonderful to behold; and when we learn, as we do by a late national report, that thirty yards of silk are not too much for an evening or street dress, we can but ask the question: what prudent young man can afford to marry?

GEO. F. SATURATE raw cotton with a weak solution of carbolic acid, and stuff your snake-skin with it.—The safest mode of trapping birds is by a cage, with feed leading to the cage, and a spring which has no cage, a spring-net is easily adjusted. Catching birds by corn or grain on a pin-hook is apt to result in their injury. There are men who make a business of bird and animal stuffing. They are called taxidermists. The cost for stuffing and mounting a bird is one dollar.

VEACHY.—We have had MSS. from the lady writer named but have pronounced them infeasible. Other papers, we know, use her MSS., but we can not afford to accept such material, which would do us no good, we can procure what is so much better from our younger race of authors. Names with us are nothing—merit every thing. We propose to run our paper on its excellence alone.

E. T. The word Sabbath, in the Hebrew, means rest, or the seventh day of the week observed as a day of rest. Sunday is the first day of the week—the Christian Sabbath—called from its being set apart by our Teutonic ancestors for the worship of the sun.

GOTHAM says: "I am a young clerk employed in a city dry-goods store. My pin of bone is on the bowery; we open early and shut up late. I have kept steady at my post for five years, and as I have spent what I have earned in the purchase of improving my education, I am pretty well run down. I have been given the whole month of August for a vacation, how am I to spend it? I am going to spend it in some little country village, far removed from great bustling Gotham. Select some spot near the water, either the ocean or some large inland lake, but don't be tempted to any watering-place. Indulge in fishing, boating, walking and riding; go to bed early and rise early; be up with the lark. Remember only that you are in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expressing his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright, balmy weather, and when the sun is improving the sun around the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect that multitudes who are in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expressing his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright, balmy weather, and when the sun is improving the sun around the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect that multitudes who are in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expressing his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright, balmy weather, and when the sun is improving the sun around the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect that multitudes who are in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expressing his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright, balmy weather, and when the sun is improving the sun around the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect that multitudes who are in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expressing his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright, balmy weather, and when the sun is improving the sun around the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect that multitudes who are in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expressing his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright, balmy weather, and when the sun is improving the sun around the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect that multitudes who are in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expressing his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright, balmy weather, and when the sun is improving the sun around the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect that multitudes who are in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expressing his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright, balmy weather, and when the sun is improving the sun around the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect that multitudes who are in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expressing his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright, balmy weather, and when the sun is improving the sun around the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect that multitudes who are in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expressing his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright, balmy weather, and when the sun is improving the sun around the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect that multitudes who are in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expressing his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright, balmy weather, and when the sun is improving the sun around the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect that multitudes who are in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expressing his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright, balmy weather, and when the sun is improving the sun around the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect that multitudes who are in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expressing his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright, balmy weather, and when the sun is improving the sun around the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect that multitudes who are in the

"BLONDE VS. BRUNETTE."

BY PHILIP M. ALLISON

Oh, misery! I am in love!
Not in love as most fellows are;
I hope for the good of mankind
That cases like mine are quite rare.
I'm in love with two beautiful girls,
As pretty as ever were met,
For I find a fair-like blonde,
And Ida a dashing brunette.

Whenever I visit fair Maud,
I sit by her side and declare
That I'd give all I have in the world
For a tress of her bright golden hair.
Next evening to Ida's I go,
And tell her the poets all sing
Of a stately maid with glorious eyes,
And hair like the raven's wing.

In fact, 'tis precisely a case
Like Captain Michael's, in the play—
How happy could I be with either
Were I other dear charmer away!
The law will allow me but one,
The other—poor thing—I must drop her.
But which? I've a way to decide!
I'll go out and toss up a copper.

Strange Stories.

THE FLOWER OF ZOMBAR.
A HUNGARIAN LEGEND.

BY AGILE PENNE.

By the banks of the Danube, near to the town of Zombar, stood a comfortable farmhouse, surrounded by smiling fields that showed, plainly, thrift and culture.

At the time that we write of, the plains of Hungary were the scenes of many a desperate fight.

Count Tekeli, the Hungarian hero, had taken up arms against the Austrian oppressor. Desperate had been the attempt of the soldiers of the empire to crush Tekeli, but he kept the field, and bid defiance to the power of the tyrant.

Under the shelter of a stately oak, that flung its spreading branches to the breeze, close by the door of the farmhouse, stood an old man and a young girl.

The man was called Matthias; he was the owner of the little farm. The girl was his niece, Yelva, and known throughout the country, far and near, as the "Flower of Zombar."

She was the fairest maid that e'er the sun shone on, in loving kindness, in all the fair Hungarian valley.

Hair of the tint of ripening wheat; eyes as blue as the sky and as pure as the waters of the spring bubbling from the mountain's side; complexion, clear red and white, the fleecy cloud and the dying ray of the sun combined; tall of stature, and supple in limb; the step of Diana; the grace of Venus.

Little wonder that the Hungarian youths knelt in homage to the Flower of Zombar. "Yelva, I have news for you," said the old man, who had just returned from the village, whose spires could be seen in the distance.

"News—well?" questioned the girl, and there was an anxious look upon her face.

"Yes; dost thou remember the lad whom thy harshness drove to a soldier's life, Red Otho, as the village lads called him?"

"It was not my fault if I could not love him," said the girl, proudly.

"Tush, thou wilt never love any one!" cried the old man, impatiently. "The flattery of thy lovers has turned thy brain. But, to return to Otho. He has won a brave name for himself, and now commands a regiment in the Hungarian army. He is near at hand, and at nightfall will visit us."

"Why not before?"

"And run the risk of being surprised by some of the Austrian troopers who are quartered in yonder village? The bitter curse of an oppressor and downtrodden people rest upon them!" cried the old man, in anger.

"There is but little danger," Yelva said, absently, her thoughts apparently far away from the subject on which she spoke.

"You do not speak with judgment when you say that. Thrice have I seen one of the Austrian officers loitering near us; a well-looking fellow enough, although he wears the hated uniform of our foes."

The girl started slightly at the mention of the young officer, and cast a hasty glance, full of apprehension, into the face of the old man.

"Oh, do not fear!" continued Matthias, misunderstanding the meaning of the glance. "He will not be apt to trouble us, unless he catches a glimpse of thy pretty face. But, Otho, girl; will you see him to-night?"

"Why, of course, uncle!" Yelva replied, quickly; "you know that I love him like a brother."

"A brother! and he loves thee almost as much as he does his country, for whose sake he faces the bullets of the Austrians. Heaven grant, that when you do love, that your lover may not treat you with the same cold disdain that you have showered upon all who have knelt to you."

The words of the old man seemed like a presentiment of evil to the girl. They chilled the heart, beating so high within her breast, as though it had been touched by death's cold fingers. With an effort, she rallied from the depression that had so suddenly come upon her spirits.

"I am going for a walk, uncle," she said, suddenly. "I will be back before nightfall." Then, with a light step, she walked down along the river's bank.

Matthias watched her until the wood hid her from his view.

"Pray heaven, that her pride meets with no fall," he muttered, as he entered the house.

The girl hastened on, ever and anon casting an earnest glance behind her, to make sure that she was not followed. But, she had no cause for apprehension; the birds of the wood alone noted her eager footsteps.

In a little opening in the wood stood a young man. A handsome fellow, with his pure Saxon face. The long yellow hair hung down almost to his shoulders from under the swing fatigue cap; his eyes were dark-blue, handsome eyes, but with a restless, shifting look. The white uniform that the young man wore told that he was an officer in the Austrian service.

With a glad smile upon her face, the girl hastened, with outstretched arms, toward the young man.

The truth was plain; the Hungarian girl, Zombar's Flower, loved one of her country's foes!

A strange expression was upon the face of the young man as he coldly returned the warm embrace of Yelva.

The quick instincts of the woman warned her of coming evil.

"Leopold, what is the matter?"

"The matter?" questioned the young officer, his eyes looking more restless than ever.

"Yes; there is something the matter; I am sure of it. Your manner toward me tells me so," the girl said, sorrowfully.

"Yelva, you have guessed aright," the officer said, slowly. "I have deceived you."

"Deceived me!" Yelva exclaimed, a strange, stony look coming over her fair face.

"Yes; you know me only as Captain Leopold. My name is Leopold, but I am a colonel in the Austrian service, and I bear the title of Count of Lamberg."

"You a noble!" Yelva cried, in amazement.

"Yes."

"And do you no longer love me?" the girl asked, a terrible accent in her voice.

"Why, of course, Yelva; what put that thought into your head?" Leopold asked, in tones that were strangely confused.

"Your manner, if not your words," Leopold, do not try to deceive me; I am but a simple girl, but there is some subtle instinct in my nature which tells me that you are about to break the faith you swore to me. Speak out frankly; I can bear it. You see that I am calm."

And so she was, but, though her face was stone, fierce passions were surging wildly through her heart. Her calmness was but the prelude to the tempest.

"Yelva, I will be frank with you," the Austrian said, slowly. "Heaven is my witness that I love you as well now as I did at the moment when you first confessed your passion for me, and I folded you to my heart, my promised bride; but—and he paused.

"But what?" asked Yelva, with eyes that flashed strangely, and a face as white as the driven snow.

"I am a ward of the emperor; he has absolute power over me. I am ordered to return to Vienna at once."

"Return to Vienna! Leave me!" the girl gasped.

"Yes; but that is not the worst news. In Vienna, by the emperor's orders, I am to be married."

"Married? Yelva's breath came thick and fast. She pressed her hand, convulsively, upon her heart. She felt as if the gates of death were about to unclose before her. Alarmed, Leopold supported her in his arms.

"You faint, dear Yelva!" he cried, even

"An Austrian regiment?" she murmured. "Yes, commanded by a young scion of nobility, Leopold, Count of Lamberg."

Yelva started at the name.

"Otho, you once said you loved me," she exclaimed, suddenly.

"And do so still; better than my life!" he cried.

"What would you do to gain my love?" "Any thing, possible or impossible!"

"Bring me the head of the Austrian colonel, the Count of Lamberg, and I am yours!" she said, with white lips.

"I'll do it, though a thousand Austrian soldiers hemmed him round!" cried Otho, in fierce determination.

"You see I am a true daughter of Hungary!" she said, with a bitter accent.

"Yes; I honor you for it!" replied the soldier, in admiration.

"When will you accomplish the task?" "Before the moon rises, and she comes up at ten, I will bring the proof of my love to you at the farm-house."

The two parted.

When darkness veiled the earth, and the stars shone clear in the inky sky, Yelva stood at the door of the farm-house and listened.

Hour succeeded hour; yet, like a statue, at the door she stood.

Then on the breezy wings of the night air came the sounds of strife. Shot succeeded shot in quick succession. The glare of burning buildings flamed on the night.

A troop of horsemen, bearing weapons stained with blood, and shouting hoarse cries of victory, rode up from Zombar. The leader, Red Otho, dismounted from his horse, advanced to the girl, and from under his cloak produced a human head.

Stains of blood were on the face, and drops of gore matted together the yellow locks. The treacherous blue eyes, wide open, seemed to stare on all around.

It was the head of Leopold, Count of Lamberg, the false lover!

A single instant Yelva gazed upon the awful sight; then, without a sign, without a groan, she fell forward upon her face, dead!

A broken heart—an instant death.

The Flower of Zombar was claimed by a sterner bridegroom than even the gay Hungarian soldier.

UNFRIENDED, indeed, is he who has no friend bold enough to point out his faults.

ming an aria from "Les Huguenots," while Mrs. Clare pretended she did not know it.

It certainly was as pretty a face and bust as one need want to see, so that Gus Calvin was quite excusable in falling head-over-heels in love with it. It was a rare face, with a slight shade of pensiveness, and the small, well-cut features; dark eyes, that smiled while the lips were set firmly together; waving hair, that Gus knew must be golden brown and lustrous; a finely-curved throat, and well-turned shoulders.

And Gustavus Calvin, the handsome young artist, whom all the girls of Lilydale were sighing for, had, as his indignant sister declared, thrown over the *bona fide* beauties, and signed his allegiance to a picture—or, rather, the original of it.

He had come across the vignette in a very matter-of-fact way, having found it on the seat of a railroad car, inclosed in an unsealed blank envelope, and bearing on its back, in a plain, pretty hand, the name "Josie."

To be sure, the name was rather mystifying. It might be the lovely original's own name—short for "Josephine" or "Josette"—and, Gus argued, quite moodily, it also might mean the pet name of some "Joseph" or other, for whom the picture was intended.

At any rate, it was his property for the present, and he had fallen in love with it.

So he kept it with him, wondering about it—thinking about it, till he got actually miserable; and then, one day, he saw in the *Herald*, a reward of five dollars for that photograph with "Josie" on the reversed side, that was lost on the Erie road. The address was given—"Room 16, Eglantine Hotel." So Gustavus Calvin, photograph in hand, called a carriage at the ferry for the Eglantine Hotel.

A pleasant room, that denoted the temporary presence of women, was No. 16, and Gustavus wondered, as the waiter ushered him in, if those tuberoses and pinks in the dainty vase on the table were arranged by "Josie's" own fair hands, or for that possibly masculine individual of the same name.

A cozy arm-chair was drawn to the table—some one had just left it, or was about to occupy it—and then he heard voices in the adjoining room, and two ladies entered, both beautiful, and one the original of the photograph.

The poor fellow's heart sprang to his throat; he actually looked upon the ideal he had been so worshipping; here she was,

veritable flesh and blood, in his presence; sedate, charmingly graceful, and vouchsafing him just the faintest nod and a faint blush as she seated herself in the arm-chair.

Her companion, a tall, stately girl, attired for the evening, bowed haughtily to Gus, and remained standing.

"Might I venture to explain the cause of my appearance? I very fortunately can restore you the property you have advertised for in the—"

Gus's words were cut short by an indignant exclamation from the lady.

"Indeed! There, Josie, what did I tell you? Isn't this man the very one who occupied the seat back of us that day we lost the *carle* and our portemonnaie? Sir, I remember you well; you are an adept in the light-fingered art."

Gus drew himself haughtily up.

"Madam, you are insulting. I found that photograph on the car seat. Allow me to return it to Miss Josie."

He turned away from the irate beauty and respectfully laid the unlucky picture on the girl's eyes.

Her soft eyes were raised a moment, then she said:

"I thank you very much. I am sure Viola is mistaken."

A flush mounted the young man's face.

"I assure you she is; I can prove it in a half-hour's time."

"There is no need, sir. Yonder, very near you, is the door. Will you be so kind as to leave us? Here is your five dollars; honestly earned, at least."

She pointed to the door, and with a bow, haughty and contemptuous as her own, Gus laid his hand on the handle.

"Before I obey so lady-like a command, permit me to give you my card, and my sister's. Perhaps you will have occasion to change your opinion."

He laid his own card, "Gustavus Calvin," and his sister's, "Mrs. Eustace Clare," on the table.

She glanced carelessly at them, then a hot blush mounted to her very hair.

"Can it be possible you are Jennie's brother—the 'Gus' I have heard so much of! and we are on our way to pay her a visit—can I be forgiven?"

Gus could afford to cover her mortification.

"Most assuredly, Mrs. Ellis—you see I know you. I recognized you by a picture Jennie has in her album. I can swallow the disgust I felt in being mistaken for a pickpocket, and in return beg only one favor. Will you introduce me to this lady?"

Mrs. Ellis gave him her hand most cordially.

"Indeed I can not do too much for you, Mr. Calvin. This is Miss Josie Delldale, my husband's niece; Josie, this is the wonderful, invulnerable 'Gus' of Jennie's gossip letters."

So they were all put at perfect ease; and when the ladies left for the country, Gus escorted them in wild triumph, having made up his mind that Josie Delldale was the most charming young girl he had ever met with.

Six months later, when they were engaged, Josie told Gus she had fallen in love with him the moment she saw him; and Gus had had that wonderful photograph framed, with the five dollar bill Mrs. Ellis gave him, and it hangs in Gus's studio—to "inspire him," he says, and then laughs when Josie pouts her sweet lip to hear him declare he "refers entirely to the money."

Mrs. Clare has recovered from her annoyance, occasioned by her handsome brother's "hare-brainedness," and even puts him patronizingly on his head and calls him a "good boy" for "falling in love with a photograph."

The Fatal Test.

BY MARCO O. ROLFE.

SQUIRE REEVES'S farm and my father's were only a mile apart, and midway between them was the haunted bridge, as the gloomy, tumble-down old structure, with its shattered sides and dilapidated roof, was called by the honest, half-superstitious country people around about. It was asserted and believed, by many, that the spirit of a man who had met a terrible death there a score of years before at the hands of an assassin, had been seen on several occasions near one end of the rickety old bridge; and belated travelers, passing that way at midnight, had been startled, so they told their gaping, awe-stricken neighbors, gathered about them in a state of semi-terror, listening to the recital, by a strange noise like a low sigh, followed in a moment by a hoarse groan as of some person in mortal agony, which sent the blood surging back to their hearts and made them shudder with a sort of vague horror; and a moment later, a white, shadowy figure, bearing a ghastly resemblance to a human being, would flit across the road and disappear with another unearthly groan among the luxuriant growth of willows that skirted the river-banks.

All were acquainted with these wild tales, and the haunted bridge came at last to be shunned by the traveling public for forty miles around. So great was the popular terror of the old place and its spirit visitant, that a new crossing was made a little below, and the abandoned highway was traveled only when the spring and autumn rains rendered the river so swollen that the ford was impassable.

Clancy Reeves, the squire's eldest son, and myself had been inseparable companions from boyhood, always sharing each other's joys and sorrows, and I don't think that from the time we first became acquainted in the little red school-house on the hill to that terrible night of which I am going to tell you, we were ever apart more than a week at a time. The years came and went, and when we had grown to manhood, we were the same firm friends as always. I don't think we ever had any secrets from each other—at least, I never had from him—and when, the morning after we had met pretty, blue-eyed Bessie Bryden for the first time, at a picnic which she had attended in company with her uncle's family, with whom she was spending the summer, I told him that I was very deeply interested in her, and intended to address her with a view to marriage, he flushed hotly all over his frank, bright face, and grasping my hand in his honest, friendly way, said, with his brown eyes looking straight into mine:

"We have always been fast friends, 'Laud, sharing every good, thing with each other; but, now we have both set our hearts on a pearl which only one of us can ever hope to possess. Which shall it be, 'Laud, you or I? Let us be fair to ourselves, to each other, and to—the lady," he went on, still pressing my hand. "Let her decide between us. I, too, love Bessie Bryden."

For a moment, I was thunderstruck. I had never thought of this as possible. All through those years, during which we had clung to each other as brothers seldom do, we had never been rivals in any thing. I knew from the way he spoke, and the intense look in his face, that he was in dead earnest. I said, returning his hand-clasp as best I might:

"Agreed. The one whom in her heart she shall call the better man, shall have her without further opposition from the other."

"God bless you, 'Laud," he said, "I knew you would be fair with me; and though we are rivals, we may still be friends as in days gone by."

Another hand-clasp, and we parted.

A month wore on, and we grew to be frequent and welcome visitors at farmer Bryden's. We were both very attentive to Bessie, rivaling each other in striving for her good opinion; and it would have been a difficult matter for one to determine which she held in the highest esteem—she seemed to like me as well as Clancy, and *vice versa*. If she rode with me to-day, she was sure to go with him to-morrow; and if she went boating with me on the river in the afternoon, just so sure would she take a moonlight stroll with him through the grove in the evening. This state of things had gone on three weeks, when, one morning I said to Clancy, as we walked home from the post-office together:

"I believe I shall go and learn my fate to-night, old fellow. I think it high time we knew something a little more definite than any thing Bessie's actions have indicated thus far. Don't you?"

"Yes, this suspense is terrible," breathing hard. "I hope you will win; but God pity me if you do! I love that girl as man never loved woman before!"

That night, as we walked down the long lane at the back of the orchard, I drew Bessie close to me, and told her how I loved her—that I wanted her for my wife.

She flushed hotly as she released herself from my embrace, and stood quite still for what seemed to me, in my anxiety, like a very long time, looking down at the glistening dew on the grass at her feet, and not giving me a word to relieve my suspense.

"Come to me again in a week," she said, by-and-by. "Perhaps I shall have decided then. Come next Saturday morning."

When I told Clancy the next morning, of the result of my declaration, he said, very



IN LOVE WITH A PHOTOGRAPH.

In Love with a Photograph.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I CERTAINLY *did* think, Gus, you had at least one grain of common sense left!"

Mrs. Jennie Clare gave a very vigorous push to her sewing-machine wheel as she glanced up a moment to dart her blue eyes full of reproach toward her lazy brother, who lay, full length, on her elegant green-plush lounge, regardless of boot-soles and dainty tides.

"Why, Jennie, what's the matter this time?"

And Mr. Gustavus Calvin opened his eyes in mute astonishment—eyes that twinkled with fun, while Mrs. Clare had her own fixed on her tucking; that suddenly grew so solemn and innocent whenever she looked up.

This time, the plump little matron deliberately stopped her machine, and leaned her elbow on its table, and her chin on her hand, then looked steadily over at demure Gus, who was waiting patiently for the bursting of the storm he saw brewing.

"It's just this, Gus Calvin, you are a monstrous great fool, if you do happen to be my brother; and I am awfully ashamed of you! Here you are, a young man of twenty-seven, supposed to be possessed of some discretion and common-sense; and to think—I say, to think you should deliberately go back on all the girls you know, and fall in love with a photograph, and swear you'll never marry any one until you find the original and see if she's single! Such a fool I never did see!"

And the irate little lady having come to a sudden, breathless fetch-up in her emphatic tirade, walked up to handsome Gus, who didn't seem to be at all terrified by her eloquence, and shook her jeweled fingers just between his eyes.

"But you said yourself it was the prettiest girl you ever had seen; come, now, Jennie, admit that!"

"Of course, I admit that; but, it was before you vowed to go seek her."

And then when Gus roared at her truly feminine display of weapons, she shook her head defiantly.

"Oh, you may laugh, you pig-headed fellow; and don't I hope and pray she is married already!"

"Then I'll wait until her husband dies."

With a little shrug of her pretty shoulders, Mrs. Clare resumed her seat by her sewing-machine, and Gus knew, by her quick, energetic motions, she was determined to punish him by her silence. So he went out, hum-

calmly, but I could see, through very pale lips.

"Come to me then and inform me of her answer. If it is 'no,' then I may see what fortune has in store for me; if it is 'yes,' then God forgive me, for I may do something that will curse me eternally! But, believe me, 'Laud,' I wish you all joy and success."

I could not bring myself to acquiesce in this, so I said:

"No, Clancy, you must go to-day and offer yourself. Let her consider our proposals at the same time."

And he placed his love to Bessie that night, and she told him to come again on Saturday afternoon for her decision.

"Do you know," he said, after he had told me, "that the murdered man's ghost has been seen several times of late over by the old bridge?"

I had not heard of it, and, besides, I did not half credit the ghostly stories, after all; for I had passed through the gloomy old bridge dozens of times, returning from farmer Bryden's, without seeing anything more terrible than the black, massive posts ranged along either side, or hearing any sound more unearthly than the rattling of the loose boards, and the sullen roar of the water underneath.

"What would you do, 'Laud,'" continued Clancy, "if you should encounter the apparition?"

"I can't imagine such a thing possible," I answered, after a moment, "I don't believe in apparitions."

"Neither do I," he said; "but if I was to meet the spirit that is said to haunt the old bridge, I would see what effect powder and lead would have on it. Wouldn't you?"

"Yes," I returned, laughingly, producing a small silver-mounted revolver that I always carried, "I've got a little toy here that's as formidable as half a dozen ghosts."

"I shouldn't want to be the ghost to face it," said Clancy, with a laugh, and we parted.

How many times since have I thought of those words so lightly spoken—thought of them with such a maddening, half-guilty pain at my heart, as I pray God few other men may ever feel.

The long summer days slipped by rapidly enough, and it seemed but a little time before I was at Farmer Bryden's, pleading with Bessie to tell me my fate at once, and not keep me longer in suspense.

"Wait," she said, "Do not be too impatient. I have an idea—a very strange one you may call it—I must try you before I give myself irrevocably into your keeping. My husband must be a brave man. I have a proposition to make to you. You may accept or reject it, as you choose; but your chance of winning me will depend upon your decision. But, first, you must promise not to mention it, not to breathe it to your nearest friend, and, above all, not to Clancy Reeves. Will you promise?"

I assured her of my secrecy, and she went on.

"To-night you must get a sheet—I will furnish you one—and go to the haunted bridge, and then you must wrap it about you, and secret yourself in the willows, just where the spirit is said to vanish from sight. Just as the great clock in the steeple, down in the village, strikes twelve, you are to arise, still wrapped in the sheet, and walk across the road to the other side. You must be at the place by eleven o'clock, and conceal yourself effectually in the shrubbery, and under no circumstances are you to leave the place, or speak, until the clock admonishes you that it is time to do my bidding. Do you think you can do this? Am I worth the risk?"

I hesitated a moment; but only for a moment. One glance at her pretty face decided me to do as she wished.

"Yes, yes!" I said, "I would risk anything for you."

"Very well," she said, "See that you keep your promise. I shall know whether or not you are faithful."

She went into another room, and returned in a moment with a small package, which she placed in my hands. It was the sheet. I went away a few minutes later.

That afternoon, as I rode down to the village, I met Clancy just returning from farmer Bryden's. He merely nodded, bade me a pleasant "Good afternoon," and urged his horse into a gallop, passing out of sight in a moment, around a bend in the road.

The day wore away slowly, and the evening dragged more heavily yet, and it seemed as if the time would never come for me to set out on my mission. Yes, it was a mission, a terrible mission. At last the hands of the tall clock in the corner of my room pointed at half-past ten; and I arose, and taking the sheet, which I tucked away under my coat, set out for the haunted bridge. Although the night was intensely dark, the distance was soon traversed, and before eleven o'clock I was secreted in the willows, with the sheet folded closely about my person, waiting, with a strange fear tugging at my heart, for twelve o'clock to come. I don't think I was afraid of the ghost that was said to frequent the place of my concealment. It must have been a foreboding of what took place there a little while afterward—a dire presentment of the terrible event that has cast a black shadow over my whole life.

At last, slowly and solemnly, came the sounds from the old town clock, that told me the time had come for me to act. I shuddered involuntarily as the last deep-toned peal died away on the midnight air; but with a strong effort of my will, I forced back all my fears, and, drawing my white mantle closer around me, arose silently, and strode out into the road. As I did so, I saw a sight that seemed to chill my very heart's blood.

A tall, white figure seemed to rise up out of the ground at the opposite side of the road. It advanced directly toward me two or three steps, and then paused and remained silent and motionless for a moment, its ghastly face set well forward, as if it was trying to look me through.

Skeletal as I had ever been on the subject of apparitions, a sort of vague terror seemed to thrill every fiber of my being. For a few seconds I stood gazing at the ghostly figure like one in a dream. Then my old feeling of unbelief in the supernatural came back to me, and I seemed to grow suddenly strong. In a moment my revolver was in my hand. I drew back the hammer, almost starting at the sharp click of the lock, and brought it to bear on the white figure before me. Just as my finger pressed the trigger, it threw up one of its long arms in a half-supplicating manner, as if entreating mercy; but it was too late. There was a lurid flash, a loud report, a stifled groan, and the figure fell heavily at my very feet. I started forward, but was

arrested by a wild cry of horror; and turning my head, I saw a dark form rush out of the shadow of the haunted bridge, and throw itself down in the road by the still, white figure, and tear frantically at the sheet that enveloped it. I stood like one paralyzed.

"My God!" cried a voice that was strangely familiar; but oh, so sad and mournful, "you have killed him! Oh, Clancy! Clancy! my poor, murdered love! come back to me!"

It was Bessie Bryden.

Then, for the first time, I knew that it was Clancy she loved, and not me.

I comprehended it all in a moment. It was a double test, this terribly fatal one of Bessie Bryden's.

She had sent Clancy, also, to personate the spirit of the haunted bridge. I had mistaken him for the real apparition that was said to haunt the place, and—and—yes, I had murdered him!

Long years have come and gone since that terrible night's adventure. I have never married, but am living—because I could not die—in a weary, hopeless way, ever brooding over Bessie's fatal test and its awful consequences, and praying for the end to come.

Would you like to know what became of Bessie?

I saw her a year ago—in a mad-house!

Overland Kit: OR, THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF
DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV. AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS.

THE light of the torches flared up into the night. In the glare of the flames, the actors and spectators in the strange scene that was being enacted in the center of Spur City, looked grotesque and unnatural.

The little crowd of lookers-on watched the faces of the jury eagerly, as though striving to read in their features the fate of the prisoner.

Talbot, with a quiet smile upon his face, seemed to be the most unconcerned of all the little gathering.

Judge Jones looked any thing but pleased with the way that affairs were tending. He felt that he was no match for the able New Yorker. So far, the evidence had tended to prove Dick's innocence rather than his guilt. The frown upon Jones' stern face deepened, and the angry glare that shot from his eyes, told plainly of bitter hatred.

Joe Rain was called to the stand. On his evidence the Judge depended. If it failed to impress the minds of the jury with the conviction of Talbot's guilt, the game was up, as far as the Judge was concerned.

Joe was sworn.

"Do you know the prisoner at the bar?" the Judge asked.

"Yes," answered Joe, promptly.

"State how you became acquainted with him."

"Bout two months ago, I an' a pardner were a-prospectin' in a gulch 'bout twenty miles north of Kennedy's ranche. One night, a chap comes along an' makes my pardner and myself an offer to jine him in a leetle speculation. Seein' as how the prospect looked good, we agreed for to jine him an' did."

"That was the way you became acquainted with the prisoner, eh?" the Judge asked.

"Yes," answered Joe.

"What name did you know him by?"

"Overland Kit," replied Joe.

There was quite a little sensation among the crowd at this prompt reply, and even the jurymen looked earnestly at Talbot to note the effect of the speech upon him. But, not a muscle of his face moved. Injun Dick had been in many a "tight place" in his life, and as he had always met danger with a bold front, it wasn't any thing astonishing that he didn't flinch now.

You are sure that the prisoner at the bar is the man that you knew, who called himself Overland Kit?" the Judge asked, with measured accent.

"Yes, I'm a-swearin' to it!" exclaimed Joe, emphatically.

"You see, gentlemen of the jury," said the Judge, addressing the twelve, "that this witness, who is well acquainted with the road-agent, Overland Kit, swears positively that the prisoner at the bar, commonly known as Dick Talbot, is Overland Kit."

The jury looked puzzled. So far, the evidence was very conflicting.

The old lawyer got up.

"Has my learned brother got through with the witness?" he asked, in his bland, oily way.

The Judge nodded assent.

"Ah, thank you," and old Rennet smiled beamingly. Then he turned to the witness and fixed his shrewd little eyes upon him.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Joe Rain."

"Your occupation?"

"Nothin' at present."

"You have stated that you and Overland Kit were partners in a speculation. What was the nature of that speculation?"

Joe scowled and cast a glance at the Judge as if to ask whether he should answer the question or not. The old lawyer detected the covert glance at once, and pounced down upon Joe as the hawk pounces on a chicken.

"Look at the jury, witness; why do you hesitate to answer my question?"

"I can not see why the witness should be obliged to answer such a question?" said the Judge, quickly, a frown on his face.

"Oh, don't you?" exclaimed the old lawyer, sarcastically. "Well, I trust that I shall be able to show you before I get through with this man."

"I rule that the witness is not obliged to answer that question," said the Judge, with dignity.

"Oh, very well—very well!" exclaimed Rennet, in measured tones, a peculiar smile upon his face. "I'll put another question to the witness. You say that you recognized the prisoner at the bar as the man who was your partner in a speculation—the nature of which you object to stating—and who was known as Overland Kit?"

"Yes," answered Joe, doggedly. He didn't feel very comfortable under the searching gaze of the lawyer.

"You are quite sure of it?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see Overland Kit dressed like the prisoner at the bar?"

"Well, no; I can't say I ever did," Joe answered, slowly.

"If I have been informed rightly, Overland Kit has black hair, worn quite long, and a heavy black beard. Is that true?"

"Yes, but the hair an' beard were false."

"How do you know that?" asked Rennet, sharply.

"Why, I see'd it."

"That is, you mean, you guessed it?"

"I reckon I'm sure of it!" exclaimed Joe, confidently.

"Overland Kit always wore a black mask over his face, I believe?" Rennet said.

"Yes."

"Did you ever see him when the mask wasn't over his face?"

"Well, no," Joe replied, slowly; he began to have an idea that the lawyer was leading him into a trap.

"Then you have never seen Overland Kit without his mask, his black hair and beard?"

"No," Joe said, very slowly and reluctantly.

"That is, you mean to say, that you have never really seen the face of the man at all?"

"Why, no; I've see'd it, in course—"

"But covered by a mask and a heavy beard?"

"Yes."

"And you positively swear that the prisoner at the bar is Overland Kit?"

"Yes, I do," Joe replied, savagely.

"You swear to the face that you never saw?"

"Well, I didn't recognize him by his face."

"What then?"

"By his voice; I kin swar to that."

"You are really a most remarkable man."

The tone of the lawyer was sarcastic in the extreme. "How much are you going to get for this swearing?" Rennet asked, suddenly.

"Why, the reward, of course," answered Joe, quickly.

The Judge looked annoyed.

"Oh!" and Rennet looked astonished.

"You expect the reward, then, offered for the apprehension of Overland Kit? Possibly that is the reason why you are swearing so strongly that this man here is Overland Kit, eh?"

"I know he is!" exclaimed Joe, angrily.

"I'm satisfied," and Rennet sat down.

Joe left the stand.

"Have you any witnesses for the defense?" the Judge asked.

"Yes, I had one or two," Rennet answered, rising, "but I don't think that it will be necessary to examine them. I think that we have already proved the falsehood of the charge brought against the prisoner, by the very witnesses who were brought forward to convict him. I am willing to rest the case here. Will your honor sum up against the prisoner?"

"I think that it is unnecessary; you can proceed," Jones replied.

"Thank you," said Rennet, politely.

"Gentlemen of the jury, from the evidence presented, you can have but one opinion as to the innocence or guilt of the prisoner. I have clearly proven two alibis. As to the evidence of the last witness, the gentleman who declines to state the nature of the business in which he was interested, in conjunction with the road-agent, and who honestly confesses that he expects to get the reward offered for Overland Kit for his pains, why, I leave it to your own good sense to decide what it is worth. All I have to say about it is, that the man who can swear to another man whose face he has never seen, and identify him by his voice alone, is really a most astonishing instance of human penetration."

The lawyer paused for a moment to catch his breath, when, from behind one of the shanties that stood nearest to the crowd gathered around the scene of trial, came a horse and rider.

With breakneck speed, the horse dashed up the street.

The glare of the torches, flaming on the night air, cast a weird light upon the steed and rider. A single glance the astonished crowd cast upon the stranger, and the truth burst upon them. The brown horse with the four white stockings, and the road blaze in the forehead was well known to the miners; so, too, was the horseman, with his black mask and flowing beard.

"Overland Kit!" shouted the crowd, in wonder.

CHAPTER XXVI. THE TRAITOR TRAILED.

ONWARD, at furious speed, went the horse, the rider sitting in the saddle as if he were part of the animal. The figure of the road-agent and his noted steed was known to all.

Rennet had proved pretty conclusively that Dick Talbot couldn't very well be Overland Kit, but the new-comer was a witness whose testimony could not be disputed.

Seeing was believing, and, as both Judge, jury and spectators beheld Injun Dick in the prisoner's box, and at the very same moment, saw the road-agent, Overland Kit, in person, dash up the street, riding with the speed of the wind, they came to the wise conclusion that Dick Talbot and the outlaw, Overland Kit, could not, by any possibility, be one and the same.

The majority of the crowd made a bold dash after the outlaw, and the revolver-shots rung out sharply on the still air of the night. But the rider seemed to bear a charmed life. With the speed almost of the iron horse, he flashed through the street and disappeared in the darkness beyond.

The quick thud of his horse's hoofs alone could be heard, and they were soon lost amid the sound of the Reese, rippling over the rocks.

The sudden appearance of the horse and rider acted differently upon the prominent persons concerned in the trial. The face of the Judge grew white with anger, and he cast a furious glance at the witness, Joe Rain, who stared with open mouth and straining eyes upon the unexpected arrival.

Talbot's face was as white as the face of the dead, and he bent down his head as if in thankfulness for his narrow escape; but, when the report of the pistols rang out sharply on the air and mingled with the rapid hoof-strokes of the flying steed, he trembled convulsively, like one stricken with an ague. Perhaps he thought how near he himself had been to death.

Bernice gazed with a stony glare upon the horseman. Her teeth were clenched, and a strange, unnatural look was on her face; her breath came thick and hard; one hand she clasped to her heart, as if she wished to still its tumultuous beatings.

Old Rennet stood smiling with delight, and he rubbed his hands softly together.

After the horseman had disappeared, the court once more came to its senses.

The foreman of the jury got up. He was a Jew, who kept the principal store in Spur City; by name, Moses Cohen. The miners, however, had recklessly abbreviated his name into "Old Moses."

"Shentlemen, ash Overland Kit ish 'ust gone by, it ish ash plain ash can be dat Meester Talbot can not be him."

There was no one bold enough to gainsay the truth of this; so, with one voice, the jury shouted, "Not guilty!"

This proceeding was not very regular, but it was very pleasing to the crowd.

"Hooray!" and the man-from-Red-Dog leaped about three feet up in the air in his joy; "let 'em out ag'in! Whar are you now, Judge?"

Judge Jones did not answer the query, but silently walked away, a lowering frown upon his stern face. The court had broken up on the instant. Talbot was surrounded by his friends, warmly congratulating him on his lucky escape. Bernice, with Rennet, had withdrawn to the hotel. She walked with heavy steps, a load upon her heart, and a strange, puzzled expression on her face.

Rennet was mentally congratulating himself.

"The idea of me, an old Sixth Warder, being beaten in a law case by any one-horse Western Judge!" he muttered, complacently, as he walked along, never noticing how pale and ill Bernice looked.

The Judge proceeded directly to his office, entered it, lit a candle, and sat down. He pressed his hand nervously upon his temples, as though he wished to still the busy thoughts that were raging in his brain. Gloomy and sad he looked. Suddenly the door opened, and Joe Rain entered. He closed the door behind him, and surveyed the Judge with a grin.

"Wal, a nice mess we made of it, didn't we, eh?" he said, putting his tongue in his cheek.

"You infernal villain!" cried the Judge, with rising anger, "why did you come to me and say that you could put your hands on Overland Kit, when you couldn't do any thing of the kind?"

"All men make mistakes, sometimes, don't they?" replied Joe, sullenly. "Besides, Judge, I thought I had the right man, sure."

"You lie, you villain!" exclaimed the Judge. "You knew well enough that this Talbot was not Overland Kit."

"I swar, Judge, I was ready to take my oath—as I did—that he was the man. I never heard two voices so much alike in all my life," Joe replied.

"But you recognized the road-agent when he dashed through the crowd?"

"Oh, yes, you bet!" cried the ruffian; "that ain't no mistake, that blood-hoss of his'n. He's jist chain-lightnin' on the go; thar ain't any thing that goes on four legs round this hyer valley that kin outrun him, or her, rayther, 'cos it's a mar'."

"What made you think that this Talbot was Overland Kit?"

"'Cos he's got Kit's voice; I kin swar to that."

"You've made a nice mistake," said Jones, dryly. "The best thing that you can do is to get out."

"That's my platform, Judge," replied Joe, coolly. "I jist dodged in hyer fir to git out of the way of some fellers who were a-talkin' putty loud 'bout a rope, a pine tree and a cuss 'bout my left at the end of the rope. I reckon if some of this Injun Dick's friends git hold on me, they'll kinder make it lively fur me."

"That is very probable."

"I've got for to git up an' dust mighty sudden now, I tell you?" Joe said, with a grin.

"Yes, Talbot's friends will be after you."

"Oh, I ain't afraid of them so much."

"Who, then?" the Judge asked, in wonder.

"Overland Kit!" Joe exclaimed, mysteriously, and with a careful glance around him, as if he expected to see the road-agent dart out of some dark corner.

"You fear Overland Kit?"

"You bet!" replied Joe, emphatically.

"Why, Judge, he won't leave a stone unturned in the Reese river valley 'till he finds me an' wipes me out. He's a reg'lar blood-hound, he is. I've got to git out of this."

"But he will never be able to track you!" Jones exclaimed.

"That ain't safe to gamble on!" cried Joe, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Kit's got friends both hyer an' in Austen. He allers knows wot's goin' on."

"Perhaps this Talbot is one of Kit's confederates," said the Judge, slowly, the thought for the first time occurring to him.

"Or course he is!" cried Joe. "Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face. Jist think how things have gone. Talbot ain't ready for trial till near dark; that's so as to have Kit dash in without danger, an' convince everybody that he ain't Talbot."

The Judge knitted his brows; the reasoning appeared to him to be sound.

"It may be so," he said, absently. His thoughts were far away, busy in attempting to plan another trap wherein to catch Injun Dick.

And now, Judge, I'll just take a look out an' see if the coast is clear; if daybreak to-morrow finds me within twenty miles of this hyer camp, then you kin jist set me down for a fool."

Joe approached the door, opened it and looked out. There were very few people about the shanty. Nearly all the crowd were gathered about the doors of the Eldorado, further up the street. Joe gave a careful glance around and then, with a "So-long, Judge!" he left the shanty.

Once in the open air, Joe glided around quietly to the back of the shanty, avoiding the street, and made his way down the river. He was careful to keep in the shade as much as possible, so as to avoid recognition.

"I'm so precious modest," he muttered, "that I don't keer about any cuss seein' me 'levant'."

The moon was rising slowly, a great red ball in the heavens, but the clouds were heavy and dense and partly obscured the rays of the night-queen.

Carefully picking his way, displaying in the streets of the mining camp the craft of the red Indian on the prairie, Joe finally arrived at the edge of the town, and, with a feeling of relief, plunged into the little cluster of pines beyond.

"All hunkey now, you bet!" he exclaimed, in exultation, as he proceeded onward with increased speed and with less caution. But, before he had gone a mile he became conscious of a fact that chilled his blood and brought out the big sweat-drops on his forehead. Some one was following cau-

tiously behind him; moving when he moved, stopping when he stopped.

CHAPTER XXVII. JINNIE SPEAKS.

TALBOT'S friends insisted upon adjourning to the Eldorado and celebrating his release. Despite his wishes, for there was a heavy weight upon his heart, and he felt more like seeking solitude than mingling with a boisterous crowd, Dick was forced to accompany the crowd.

Upon entering the saloon, Bill noticed that Jimmie was missing.

"What's the leetle woman, heathen?" he asked of the Chinese.

"She plenty sick," replied the sagacious Ah Ling, pointing upward. Bill understood by this that Jimmie had gone to bed.

"She's a plucky little woman," he said, confidentially, to the man-from-Red-Dog, "but, of course, she ain't any more than human. I reckon she thinks a heap of Dick, now."

Talbot excused himself as soon as possible under plea that he needed rest after the excitement of the day, and withdrew from

"Don't speak that way, please, Miss," Jimmie exclaimed, tears glittering in her bright eyes. "When you speak like that you take all the courage out of me. I didn't come here to be spoken kindly to. I came to talk to you, to fight you—just like the men fight—if you don't give up what belongs to me. But when you speak soft it takes my anger all away." Jimmie's lips quivered convulsively, and she strove, but in vain, to keep back the big tear-drops that were forming in her keen eyes.

"I will be as frank with you as you are with me," Bernice said, after a moment's thought. "What have I striven to take that belongs to you?"

"The love of Dick Talbot," Jimmie answered, with broken accents.

"His love," murmured Bernice, and a burning blush swept over her pale cheeks.

"Yes, it belongs to me. Three years ago I jumped into the sea, when I was coming down, bank full, in the spring time, and pulled Dick out by the hair of the head, when the cakes of ice and the broken timber were crushing him down under the icy water. And after I got him to the bank, and brought him to sense again, he put his arm around my waist, kissed away the big drops of water that were running down my face, said that I had saved his life, and that that life belonged to me, and that I might have it whenever I wanted it. I never really wanted it till now, when I see that somebody else wants it. I don't go to him, but I come to you to ask you not to take away the life that is mine. You're a nice lady, with plenty of money East, and plenty of friends, too, I suppose. Now, I've only got one friend in all the wide world, and I come to ask you not to take that friend away from me."

"You love him?" Bernice said, sadly.

"Yes," replied Jimmie, quickly, "better than you do, better than anybody can in this world. He's all to me—father, brother—"

"And husband?" questioned Bernice, as Jimmie paused.

Jimmie's brown face colored up, and a soft look came into her bright eyes.

"Yes, maybe, if you'll only go away and let him alone," she said, shyly. "I have never thought of that, though, only in my dreams. But I'd like for him. I came pretty near dying for him to-day, and Jimmie paused abruptly."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 68.)

The Last Cruise.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

I HAD been two years first mate of the Flying Foam, a trim-built clipper-barque, sailing from the port of New York, when her commander and owner, Captain William Golder, came aboard one day and informed me that he had persuaded his wife to accompany him on the voyage to China, where we were about to undertake.

"I want you to see that the steward gets the ladies' saloon fixed all trim, and the after-berth on the starboard side put ship-shape, Mr. Carter, for Mrs. Golder's sister will sail with us, and, as neither of the ladies have ever been out of sight of land before, we must make them as comfortable as possible," he added.

I promised compliance; and, when the day on which we were to sail arrived, and the ladies came on board to take possession of their respective apartments, they found every thing arranged to suit their taste, and lavished encomiums upon the steward and myself for the pains we had taken to minister to their future comfort.

Merrily the clacking capstan-pawls chattered the song of the sailors, as they lifted the anchor from the bed of the bay; then the snowy sails were sheeted home, and our good ship swung slowly round and started on her course. The sky was cloudless, a light land-breeze rippled the sparkling surface of the sapphire sea and wafted from the shore balmy odors of flowers, as we sped through the Narrows.

Gradually the sandy wastes of Coney and Fire Islands disappeared in our wake, the deep emerald of the two-clad Jersey coast faded to dull, leaden gray, then to a thin, caliginous streak, and when the great God of Day sunk to rest beneath the azure ocean in a glory of scarlet and gold, and the violet shadows of night made somber sea and sky, we were far away from beloved Columbia.

I had frequently experienced the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Golder, who was a nice-looking and most amiable lady, but, prior to the day on which the Flying Foam left New York, I had never beheld her sister, Miss Maud Murray, who was several years the junior of the skipper's wife, and was one of the most bewitchingly beautiful girls I ever beheld. She was tall and graceful, her figure being admirably proportioned; her forehead was high and intellectual, and her features faultlessly molded; in her dark-blue eyes lay hidden love-fires, on her cheeks was the rare roseate bloom of radiant health. But, after all, it was not, perhaps, her supreme loveliness of face and form, which drew me to all with whom she came in contact as the sweet gentleness of her nature, her intelligence, and the multifarious methods of winning her way to men's hearts that she seemingly unconsciously possessed.

Captain Golder was a fine, frank, generous, gentleman, as well as an expert mariner, and he did not hesitate to treat his officers with courtesy and consideration, therefore I had full opportunity of enjoying the delightful society of his wife and her charming sister, whenever the duties of my office did not require my immediate attention, and oftentimes, when our vessel lay becalmed in the sultry tropics, Miss Murray would pace the deck with me and make pleasant night-watches which would otherwise have been dreary vigils.

Like most sailors, I was of a susceptible temperament; therefore it is not surprising that I soon became very much enamored of the fair girl who shed so many bright rays across the pathway of my life, which had been a foretime dull and desolate. But I was diffident; between Miss Murray and myself there was a wide gulf, the passage over which I dared not essay, for I feared that I might forfeit her friendship, if I boldly avowed the feelings of my heart. Maud was refined and highly educated, I was but a simple seaman; could I, then, with reason, hope to win her hand? This was a question that, during frequent self-communings, I was accustomed to ask, and common sense always replied in the negative.

The Flying Foam was a swift sailer and made a quick passage to the Cape of Good Hope, off which promontory, however, she was detained several days by adverse gales.

At length, one sunny morn, the welcome cry, "Land, ho!" rung from aloft, and soon the palm-fringed shores of Java rose from the shining sea. While passing through the Straits of Sunda, the ladies had ample opportunity to admire the gorgeous magnificence of tropical scenery, for, on either side of the straits, bright verdure reaches to the water's edge and seems to form a band of green between the azure of the sea and sky. Off Anjer, several Malay "bum-boats" came alongside, and from the occupants of them we were enabled to procure plenty of the luscious fruits which always prove so acceptable after a long voyage. Every thing was so new and strange to Maud that she was in ecstasy with all she saw, and the beaming smile with which she rewarded me for a present of a gay-plumed parrot made me feel prouder than a peacock, happier than a king.

Light, spiced zephyrs, wooing our sails, wafted us over the jazel waters, beneath whose depths lay hidden coral caves, until we had in safety passed through the Jasper Straits, when the wind drew ahead, then died utterly away, and we were under the necessity of anchoring not far from the island of Linga.

"Let the watches be kept as usual, Mr. Carter, and be sure to call me if there is the slightest change in the weather. Give the second mate these instructions when he relieves you, and impress upon his mind the importance of not allowing any boats to approach the ship, for the natives of the islands in this vicinity are a lawless set of savages," said Captain Golder, just prior to retiring to his berth.

The night was clear and fine, not a cloudlet flecked the star-studded dome of heaven, not the faintest "cat's-paw" ruffled the scintillant surface of the phosphorescent sea, and, as I paced the deck, I raised innumerable castles in the air—in all of which Miss Murray figured—but which quickly evanesced when midnight chimed and my brother officer relieved me for the night.

I had just dozed into a delightful dream of bonny eyes and golden hair, when I was abruptly awakened by hearing the second mate halloo down the cabin skylight: "Captain Golder, Mr. Carter, come up, quick; we're surrounded by boats!"

Hurriedly snatching a brace of revolvers from a rack above my bunk's-head, I rushed upon deck. The scene which met my eyes was sufficient to appal any man as well acquainted as myself with the ferocious nature of the Malay tribes which infest the islands in the neighborhood of where we were. About ten large prahus, each containing over twenty men, were approaching our vessel, and that they were professional pirates was soon evident, for a shower of spears fell like hail upon the deck of the Flying Foam. Quickly as possible, the steward served out cutlasses to our crew, for, as is generally the case with merchant vessels, our barque did not carry any guns, and the few muskets which, highly polished, no doubt, adorned the cabin, would have worked more evil to the handler than harm to the foe, if discharged.

Agile as monkeys, the pirates sprang up the sides of our ship and a terrific hand-to-hand conflict ensued. Captain Golder was one of the first who fell, but I shot his slayer dead in his tracks.

"Hide my poor wife and Maud, Carter. Kill them sooner than surround them with those fiends," gasped the gallant skipper, ere his spirit fled.

I saw that no time could be lost if the ladies were to be saved, for additional numbers of our swarthy assailants were swarming over the bulwarks, so I dashed down into the cabin. I found the poor women cowering in one corner.

"Come, ladies, be brave!" I cried, in the most cheerful tones at my command.

"You must seek shelter forward, for this is not a safe place."

"Where is my husband?" asked Mrs. Golder, piteously.

"Above; he sent me to you," I replied, knowing such an answer would reassure her.

I snatched the cloth from the cabin table and threw it over both the ladies, for they were merely habited in sleeping attire, and bidding them keep close together, conducted them forward and lowered them singly into the forepeak, replacing the hatch.

Then I returned aft and lent my aid to repel the ferocious fiends who had boarded us. But their numbers overpowered us; bravely as our little band fought we could not hold our own against such overwhelming odds, and I saw that hope of successfully repelling the invaders was gone when all but three of my brave comrades lay lifeless on the deck, the keen knives of the marauders having penetrated their vitals.

"Take to the rigging, lads; it's our only chance," I yelled to the trio.

But they did not hear my warning, or they did not heed it until too late, for, by the time I reached the main-top, the pirates had gained full possession of the vessel and I, badly wounded and much exhausted, was the only white man who survived the terrible fray.

The pirates pillaged the ship, cast ruthlessly into the sea the bodies of the slain, fired the barque in two different places, and then, doubtless well satisfied with their night's exploits, pulled away with their spoil in their speedy prahus.

As soon as they were fairly out of sight, I descended to the deck and released from confinement the suffering ladies whom I had immured for preservation in the forepeak. They were terribly frightened, but, when I told them the ship was on fire and that they must aid me in my endeavor to subdue the flames, they showed the innate heroism of true-hearted women, and, after donning a few extra garments, at once offered to do my bidding.

I discovered, however, that it would be impossible for us to save the barque, so at once commenced provisioning the gig, a light metallic boat that had not been mutilated by the marauders, and, before the flames interfered with our operations, we succeeded in stowing a sufficient quantity of corned meats, biscuit, wine and water to last us several weeks into her. A chart, compass, sextant and chronometer I was also able to stow in the gig, and I put one of the stern-sheets of the gig and put one of the tackle-falls into Miss Murray's hands.

"Lower away when I do, and be careful not to let the rope slip," I said.

She obeyed me implicitly, seeming instinctively to understand why I had not placed her in the boat with her sister. When the gig touched the water, I called my fair companion to me.

"Maud, you will not mind going in my arms down those ropes, will you? I fear you can not lower yourself safely," I said.

"I will go anywhere with you, Robert, if I trust you," she replied.

The flames had already burst from their prison in the hold, and were now leaping skyward, twining like flexuous serpents around the taper spars, lapping up with greedy tongues the pensile sails and incarnadining the pulseless surface of the sea. I mounted the rail and grasped the tackle that hung from the forward davit, my darling twined her little arms around my neck and we swung off in mid-air. As I slowly descended with my precious burden, feeling her warm breath upon my cheek, knowing the perils that still menaced her, I could not resist the temptation to imprint a kiss upon her coral lips.

"My darling, I have loved you long; my only desire is to save you," I whispered.

"She did not reply, but I felt her heart pulse quickly against my own, and she returned the kiss I had given her as we slid into the boat."

The ladies were laboring under the delusion that Captain Golder and all the crew, except myself, had escaped in another boat, and I had fostered the idea in order to temporarily allay their apprehensions and not too suddenly shock their feeling with the dread intelligence that I had to impart. When, however, the sun arose in robes of glory from his couch, the sparkling sea, and flung slant javelin-shafts of splendor across the placid ocean, and the ladies could detect no signs of a boat far or near, the bitter truth dawned upon them. Neither spoke, but in the widow's face I read the question her lips refused to ask.

"They are at rest now; they died, as brave men should, in the defense of those they loved," I said, solemnly.

A great sob burst from Mrs. Golder's breast and floated mournfully away upon the cool morning air. "God's will be done!" she murmured, in a tone of pious resignation, though her tears fell thick and fast, and mingled with those of my darling, upon whose breast she pillowed her unhappy head.

With the aid of a spirit-sail and the gentle breeze that occasionally sprang up, I managed to navigate the little boat to Singapore, which we reached five days after the destruction of the Flying Foam.

From the kindly merchants at that port we received every attention, they vying with each other to minister comfort and consolation to the bereaved ladies. A passage to England, via the overland route, was procured for them, and, ere the steamer by which they proceeded sailed, Maud Murray was my betrothed. I shipped aboard a vessel bound for New York, which port I reached in safety, and in which city I married my darling six months subsequently.

Sporting Scenes.

III.

HUNTING THE MOOSE.

HUNTERS sometimes find out the beaten tracks of the Moose (generally leading to the water), and bend down a sapling and attach to it a strong hempen noose, hanging across the path, while the tree is confined by another cord and a sort of trigger. Should the animal's head pass through the dangling snare, he generally makes a struggle, which disengages the trigger; and the tree, springing upward, lifts the head off its legs and strangles it. The palmed horns of the Moose are so ponderous, that sixty pounds is a very common weight. To bear this stupendous head-dress, nature has endowed the Moose with a short and strong neck, which takes from it much of that elegance and symmetry of proportion so generally predominant in deer.

It is, nevertheless, a very energetic and imposing animal. It is said neither to gallop nor leap—equilibrium rendered unnecessary from the disproportionate height of its legs, by which it is enabled, as it trots along, to stop with the greatest ease over a fallen tree, a gate, or a split fence. During its progress, it holds the nose up, so as to lay the horns horizontally back, which attitude exposes it to trip by treading on its fore-feet. Its speed is very great, and it will frequently lead an Indian over a tract of country exceeding three hundred miles before it is secured. This animal is said to possess, in an eminent degree, the qualities of the horse and the ox, combining the fleetness of the former with the strength of the latter.

None of the deer are more easily domesticated, the reindeer not even excepted. In Canada they have frequently been trained to draw sleds or carts, although, during the rutting season, they could not be so employed. A gentleman near Houlton, Maine, some years since trained a pair to draw a sled, which they did with great steadiness and swiftness; subject, however, to the inconvenience, that, when they once took it into their heads to cool themselves in a neighboring river or lake, no efforts could prevent them.

The European species or variety, which ever it be, has also been converted to the uses of man. In former times, when it was found in Scandinavia in great abundance, it was used for the purpose of conveying couriers, and has been known to accomplish a distance of two hundred and thirty-four miles in a day, attached to a sleigh. Its speed is even greater than that of the reindeer, which can rarely exceed two hundred miles in a day, although a case is related where, in consequence of a sudden invasion of the Swedish territory by the Norwegians, an officer was dispatched from the frontiers of Norway, with a reindeer and sleigh, to Stockholm with the news. This was conveyed with such speed that the distance of eight hundred miles was accomplished in forty-eight hours, the animal falling dead at the expiration of the time. A Swedish writer recommends the employment of the Moose (or elk of Europe) in time of war, asserting that a single squadron, with its riders, could put to immediate flight a whole regiment of cavalry; or, employed as flying artillery, would, from the extraordinary rapidity of their movements, insure the victory. Indeed, at the time when attention was especially directed toward the domestication of this animal, there was a proposal to furnish the army with such creatures, on account of their having been employed, from their extraordinary speed, to effect the escape of criminals. The European elk, at one time numerous throughout Norway and Sweden, is now confined to particular districts; at the present time it is not found further north than 64° in Scandinavia. Owing to the danger of total extinction, a law was passed forbidding its destruction in Sweden for ten years from 1857, under severe penalties. The elk is reported to attain not unfrequently a height of seven or eight feet. One individual, only two years old,

measured nearly nineteen hands, or more than six feet, in height. Another elk, not fully grown, weighed nearly one thousand pounds. The period of gestation is about nine months, the female producing from one to three young in May. The horns are shed about February.

The skin of this animal has been put to various uses. In Sweden a regiment was clothed with waistcoats made of this material, which was so thick as to resist a musket-ball. When made into breeches, a pair of them, among the peasantry of former days, went as a legacy through several generations.

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MY WIFE TO BE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

She must be smart enough to talk—
Too smart to merely chatter—
Yet still for sake of getting one,
That might not really matter.

I'm also choice about her size—
I give that due attention,
In height she must exactly be—
I guess I won't mention.

To show her temper's good or bad
I shall expect a reference,
And yet I do not really know
If that need make a difference.

One color her fond eyes must be
O'er me to hold dominion,
Remember that that color is—
Well, I've no fixed opinion.

Her flowing locks to charm my eye,
My kindest praise attracting,
Must be the color of the— There,
I will not be exacting!

Her feet, well, they must not be large,
Nor very little either,
But I'm a tender-hearted man,
I'll quarrel over neither.

And what she brings in lands or gold
Is matter of great moment,
Her fortune I'll expect to be—
Well, I will make no comment.

I'm quite particular, you see,
In all of these suggestions,
But then, whoever'll marry me,
I'll take, and ask no questions.

A Brother's Blood:

OR,

LUKE DARRELL'S VENGEANCE.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

The sun gilding the oriental horizon with gold one cloudless morn in August, 1780, a short time subsequent to the disastrous battle of Sander's Creek, beheld three men making their way across the country, in the direction of the American camp.

One wore the uniform of an American soldier; his companions were clad in the habiliments of partisan scouts.

They had fought bravely in the conflict above named; but when the murderer Tarleton swept down a resistless avalanche upon their flank, they found themselves prisoners, and were conveyed to the British camp. But, during the night preceding the morn upon which we have introduced them to the reader, they had effected their escape. The scouts had possessed themselves of a rifle and pistols, with which weapons they resolved to sell their lives at no cheap bargains.

But, quite unexpected by the trio, no pursuit was inaugurated, and without serious adventure they at last found themselves beyond the apprehension of danger from red-coats.

"We must be near the boys," remarked one of them, a splendid-looking fellow, who had left his hat in the British camp. "We are not far from the old battle-field, and I'll warrant that Wilbur and his fellows are scouring the country hereabouts."

They had just emerged from a wood, and as the speaker finished, the soldier descried two columns of smoke upon a clearing far ahead.

"We'll find some of the boys yonder," said the soldier, with a joyous smile. "Poor, brave fellows, tired of Tory-hunting, we will find them asleep beside some log."

"Let us hasten," said one of the scouts, quickening his steps, "for I am dying for a chance to fight the vultures that spared not our flank at Sander's Creek."

The quickened gait soon became a run, and presently the trio found themselves beside the fires.

"Just as I told you," suddenly ejaculated the patriot soldier, scanning the clearing. "The boys are asleep behind yonder log."

Silently the men glided toward the particular spot, intent upon a pleasant surprise to their partisan brethren.

"Yes, there's Wilbur," whispered the hatless man, pointing to a faultless head, pillowed upon the palmetto log. "Brother believes me a prisoner in the red-coats' camp."

Nearer and nearer crept the trio, and still the brave patriots behind the log slumbered on.

At last the escaped prisoners stood over the silent forms, and Luke Darrell looked down into his brother's face.

A shriek of terror separated his lips. Wilbur was dead!

And beside him lay three companions, sleeping the soldier's last sleep—dreaming of battle-fields no more.

Luke Darrell suddenly became crazed. The sight of an only brother, younger by many years, "brother at once and son," murdered while he slept and dreamed of his approaching wedding "when the cruel war was over," by an unsuccessful rival, was enough to deprive reason, and thrust the scepter into insanity's hands.

"Mark Dunkirk did this!" cried Luke Darrell, clenching his hands; "he and his Tories. He has followed Wilbur these many days, watching for an opportunity to take his life because he gained the love of Catherine Clifton. His revenge is accomplished; but he never thought of me. In me he finds an avenger more terrible than the avengers of blood spoken of in Holy Writ. I will hunt the demon down, and his end shall pale the cheeks of all who hear of it. Boys, I leave you now."

He, scarce knowing what he was doing, stepped over the log, when the soldier grasped his shoulder, and pointed to the south.

"Not now, Luke; not now," he said, calmly, but with perceptible feeling.

"There's a mother to comfort, there's a brother to be buried, and there's a life to be obtained in the American camp. Patience, patience; your day of vengeance will surely come."

"Yes," murmured Luke Darrell, in a soft tone, as he stooped and kissed Wilbur's pallid brow, "it will surely come. But Catherine. Gods! it may kill her. In me she shall find a comforter, for I love her as Wilbur did; but I stood back when I saw that she loved him better than me."

The patriots set to work and, after a short time, four graves appeared beside the log, and over the mound, beneath which slumbered the brother for whom he would have given his life, Luke Darrell took an oath of vengeance, so terrible that the color fled his companions' cheeks.

Then, with heavy hearts, they turned their faces southward, and, in due time, reached their destination.

After comforting his aged mother and Wilbur's beautiful betrothed, Luke Darrell gathered around him a band of partisan spirits to hunt his brother's murderers down.

Destructive were the eagle-like swoops he made upon Tory camps; but Mark Dunkirk eluded his grasp.

One dark and tempestuous night a ghostly-looking band rode into a lonely valley, watered by the picturesque and historical Santee.

They were in double file, were armed to the teeth, and before the foremost towered the hated form of Mark Dunkirk. Yes, the midnight riders were a portion of the marauding band known, far and wide, as the "Black Vultures of the Santee."

Their objective point that night of storm was a little house where dwelt two helpless women, one of whom Mark Dunkirk had sworn to make his wife, at the point of the saber, if she would not succumb by mild means.

And that woman was Catherine Clifton. At length the Tory found himself at the building which emitted no sound, and silently, like the evil of the anaconda, he threw his men around it.

When every thing was in readiness he stepped to the door, and rapped heavily with the butt of his pistol.

An instant later the portal flew open, without the click of locks or bolts to herald the action, and the Tory found himself dragged into the house by a strong arm.

The door was immediately slammed shut, and simultaneously with the latter action, a volley from the windows and roof of the house scattered death among the Black Vultures. They turned; but a volley from the new direction greeted them, and finding themselves surrounded, they drew their sabers and fought like men. But the odds against them were too great; and but nine escaped to tell the story of defeat.

Mark Dunkirk found himself the prisoner of Luke Darrell!

A partisan spy, who had joined the Vultures for the purpose of keeping the Avengers posted regarding their proposed movements, had heralded the intended night surprise, and Luke had worked accordingly.

The Tory leader and murderer, a coward to the depths of his heart, threw himself before Luke Darrell's feet, and craved the mercy he had no right to expect.

"Blood for blood!" was the stern, unyielding reply. "Mark Dunkirk, you are doomed!"

His heart sunk to immeasurable depths in his breast, and he tried in vain to meet the gaze of the shadowy monster with calmness.

him by himself to nuss the two-year-old papoose. Arter that Tom hed up-hill work, cause, yer see, he couldn't lay out long at a time an' count uv ther young 'un, an' so his trade fell off, an' he hed to take to reg'lar huntin' fur a bar' livin'.

"But by-em-by ther youngster got old enuff fur to look arter itself, an' then the traps war got out ag'in, an' in a couple uv seasons, Tom war on his pins ag'in, plenty uv pellets allers on hand, an' ther agardiently bottle a-settin' on the shelf ready to hand fur ennybody as kem along."

"I met Tom on't down at San Diego, an' sez I, 'How goes it, old boss, an' whar's ther young 'un?'"

"Fust-rate, an' at home a-lookin' arter ther thievin' 'Paches to see thet they don't steal nothin' while I'm gone," sez he.

"Well, now, seem' thet the youngster war jess a-raisin' ten year old, I kinder thought thet war healthy, an' I tole Tom so."

"Lord bless you, Ferd," sez Tom, "why, thet ain't nothin' fur thet boy to do. He's got two rifles an' a ole smooth-bore at the ranch, an' them 'Paches knows it."

"Yes, sir! I wish I may die, ef thet 'ere Tom Dickson hedn't left the ranch in charge uv that young 'un to hold ag'in ther whole 'Pache tribe, an' him away down at Diego, more'n two hundred mile away. No, I reck'n 'ain't quite so fur."

"But this hain't nothin' to do wi' ther story—leastwise, not much—kinder breakin' in' groun' fur what's to kem, yer knows."

"Well, ther season arter I see Tom down at Diego war jess ther rainyest one, I reck'in, thet ever passed over ther kentry."

"All ther rivers, an' cricks, an' branches war overflowed outen ther banks, an' the whole face uv the yearth in thet section war kivered w' water. Yer know, boyees, how it ar' in them Mimbre mountains when it do rain, an' as all ther streams mostly raise up thar, yer kin bet they war whoppin' high about the end uv ther first week uv ther rain."

"All ther varmints as couldn't re'ch ther foot-hills war druv onto such high ground es they could find aroun', an' Tom Dickson's ranch war one uv these, 'cause Tom hed foresee the overflow war bounden to kem some day, an' he warnted to be outen the damp."

"Es luck would hev it, Tom war off on one uv his runs at ther time ther rain sot in, an' afore he could kiver ther back-trail—an' he traveled day an' night—he war cut off, clean an' cl'ar. Thar war a thousand mile uv water between him an' ther young 'un in ther ranch."

"Come, Ferd, that won't do! Let down a few miles on that water," said one of the boys, laughingly.

"Well, thar war a power uv it, more'n Tom could wade, fur some places it war nigh a mile deep, an'—"

"Why, yer old sinner, yer ar' getting worse and worse. A mile deep?"

"I'm durned ef I give a inch this time. Enny durned fool as knows the kentry what I'm a-describin' uv, knows thet it ar' chock-full uv canyons, gullies an' barrancys, an' ef the water overflowed the kentry, warnt them places bounden to fill up?—an' Rube, thar, kin tell yer thet some uv them barrancys ar' more'n a mile deep."

"I dunno 'bout ther mile, fur I hain't never measured ther gully," said Rube. "But I'll tell yer, boyees, thar war a slab-sided Yankee as war foolin' aroun' ther place ther very mornin' I war startin' west-ard fur ther season, an' the cuss fell in. When I gets back ther follerin' spring, thar war that same Yankee, an' he tole me he hed struck bottom on'y the day afore, an' hed been climbin' out ever since."

A ringing laugh followed this preposterous assertion of the old trapper, and then Ferd continued his yarn.

"Tom Dickson war in a powerful fret 'bout ther youngster, fur yer see, he knowed the varmints would be sartin to take to ther high groun'. But, lordy, boyees! he need n't to 'a' worried 'bout thet chap! Not much! In a couple uv weeks ther rivers an' cricks fell, an' then Tom made tracks fur his ranch."

"Es he kem outen the timber thet lay along ther clearin' round ther cabin, Tom run ag'in a par' uv chaps as looked es ef they'd jess left ther ranch, an' so it turned out they hed."

"Hullo, stranger!" sez one on 'em. "Dooose you live fur about hyar?"

"I doose," sez Tom. "But mebbey I mout ax why yer wants to know that?"

"Well, I thought yer mout be able to tell me who owns thet ranch yander, fur chaw me ef ther haint ther do' darn best sight uv thar as ever I see!" said the chap.

"Yur bet thar ar'," said tother one.

"Tom war kinder scart when he hyars this, an' he war startin' off on ther jump, when the feller stopped him ag'in."

"Don't be 'larmed, stranger, fur ef yer Tom Dickson, yer boy's all right."

"Yur bet he ar'," sez tother chap. "Yur see, me an' my pardner war passin' by ther ranch awhile ago, an' we heard a rifle crack, an' then the do' blasted catter-waulin' an' yowlin' thet ever war."

"Purty soon we hear ther gun crack ag'in, an' then some more squallin', an' up we went to kinder inquire what ther run-pus war about."

"When we got to the cabin, we found ther door fast, but we heard a lot uv scratchin' in an' clawin', and ev'ry one't in a while a growl or two. Jess then my pardner, hyar, found a hole in ther chinks, an' he peeked in, an' then jumped back an' hollered fur me to kin an' look."

"Stranger, thet ar' cabin war a reg'lar sight, ef wur."

"Well, why ther devil don't yer go on an' tell what yer see?" said Tom, who war still oneasy 'bout ther young 'un.

"Don't yer fret fur thet boy, stranger," sez ther chap. "He war too menny fur 'em."

"Fur what?" sez Tom, savage like.

"Why, fur them painters, an' wolves, an' coyotes, an' wildcats—hob-tail 'uns at thet—he wur. I wish I may be durned ef thet cabin warn't chock-full on 'em, some live, some wounded, had, an' most uv 'em dender nor a drowned groun'-hog."

"Jess as I war lookin' ther rifle cracked ag'in, an' over keeled a big she-painter, center-shot, squar' atween ther eyes. Thet war interestin', an' I hollers out:

"Hullo yersef!" sez a leetle squeakin' kind uv a voice.

"What ther blazes ar' ther matter in thar?" sez I ag'in."

"Thar ain't nothin' pertic'lar ther matter, only I've hiked ther varmints," sez the leetle voice.

"Well, thinks I, 'ef this hyar don't beat me, yer kin hev my skulp'; an' wi' thet I ups an' sez:

"Who ther devil ar' yer, ennyhow?"

"Tom Dickson's boy!" sez ther squeaky voice, an' thet war all we could git outen ther leetle chap, who kep' blazin' away till ther last varmint war laid out."

"Tom Dickson's boy tole us to open ther door arter the last shot, but we could n't do it, nohow. It war chocked fast w' dead painters an' wolves, an' the like, so we hed to climb in ther winder."

"Lordy, stranger! what a sight it wur! Ther varmints war piled atop uv one an' another all over, an' thar on ther rafters, clost up in one corner, sot Tom Dickson's boy a-fodderin' his gun."

"Tom didn't wait to hear no more, but put out across the open, an' when he got to ther ranch he found it war jess so."

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Short Stories from History.

The Philosopher's Stone.—It can not be said that the search for the "philosopher's stone" has been abandoned. Many a dreamer of to-day hopes to discover both the secret of making gold and diamonds.

The records of the middle ages present a motley group of adventurers, solely devoted to the occult art of *transmutation*. Some were open impostors; others, deluded believers; but, their respective histories were, in general, accurate illustrations of the definition which describes alchemy as an art without principle, which begins in falsehood, proceeds in labor, and ends in beggary.

Penotus, who died at the age of ninety-eight, in the hospital of Sierdon in Switzerland, had spent nearly his whole life in researches after the philosopher's stone; and being at length reduced from affluent circumstances to beggary and reason, he used to say, "That if he had a mortal enemy that he durst not encounter openly, he would advise him, above all things, to give himself up to the study and practice of alchemy."

The following curious proclamation occurs among the records of the reign of Edward III., A.D. 1339:

"Know all men that we have been assured that John Rows and William de Dalby, know how to make silver by the art of alchemy; that they have made it in former times, and still continue to make it; and considering that these men, by their art, and by making that precious metal, may be profitable to us, and to our kingdom, we have commanded our well-beloved Thomas Cary to apprehend the foresaid John and William, wherever they may be found, within liberties or without, and bring them to us, together with all the instruments of their art, under safe and sure custody."

So strong did the belief in this imaginary art at length become, that Government thought there was no other way of putting a stop to the utter depreciation with which it threatened the coin of the country, than to make the practice of it felony!

The act of parliament which was passed for this purpose in the fifth year of Henry IV., Lord Coke calls the shortest he ever met with. It is in these words: "None from henceforth shall use to multiply gold or silver, or use the craft of multiplications; and if any the same do, he shall incur the pain of felony."

The earliest of the true alchemists, whose name has reached posterity, was *Geber*, supposed to have been an Arabian prince of the seventh century; whence Dr. Johnson shrewdly supposes that the word *alchemist*, anciently written *gibberish*, was originally applied to the language of *Geber* and his followers.

The World's Cathedral.—To Pope Julius II, the world is indebted for that wonder of architecture, St. Peter's Church at Rome. The vanity of Julius had prompted him to order Michael Angelo to give him a design for his tomb; which that great artist made upon so grand a scale, that the choir of old St. Peter's church could not contain it. "Well, then," replied the Pope, "enlarge the choir." "Ay, holy father, but we must then build a new church, to keep up the due proportion between the different parts of the edifice." "That we will then do," replied the Pope; and immediately gave orders for the sale of Indulgences to carry on the erection of this noble fabric.

Some of the figures intended for the Pope's Mausoleum—the famous figure of Moses sitting, in St. Peter's da Vinci at Rome, and two or three of the slaves at the Hotel de Richelieu in Paris—are preserved. The original design of the tomb is engraved in Vasari; it has much of stately Gothic grandeur in it, and was to have been decorated with thirty-two whole length figures of prophets and apostles. For this design Michael only got twenty-five Roman crowns; it was finished in a fortnight.

Wise Fools.—One of the most favorite topics of discussion among the schoolmen of the eleventh century was the solution of the following quibbling problem:

"When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about its neck, which rope is held at the other end by a man; whether is the hog carried to market by the rope, or by the man?"

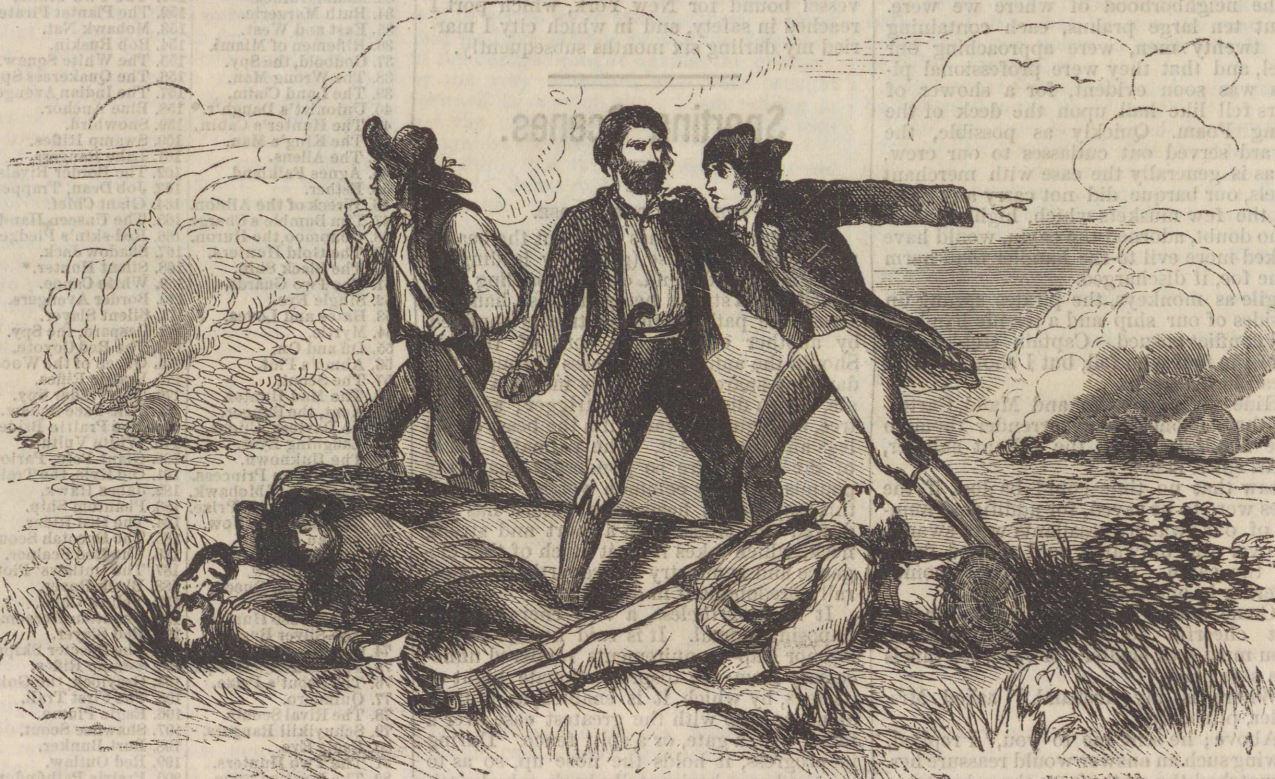
This question, after having been discussed by thousands of the acutest logicians, through the course of a whole century, "with all the rash dexterity of wit," still remained unsolved.

Ménage says, that these scholastic questions were called *Questions Quodlibeticæ*, and they were generally so ridiculous, that we have retained the word *quodlibet*, in our vernacular language to express something ridiculously futile.

Opening the Door.—Until the sixteenth century the Latin language only was used in all public religious consecrations, so that the common people never could comprehend what was said. It was the zeal of the Protestant Reformation that first gave rise to the valuable innovation of addressing the multitude in their own vernacular tongues, and imposed on their adversaries the necessity of employing in their own defense the same weapons. From that moment the prejudice began to vanish, which had so long confounded knowledge with erudition, and a revolution commenced in the republic of letters, analogous to what the invention of gunpowder produced in the art of war. "All the splendid distinctions of mankind," as the Champion and Flower of Chivalry indignantly exclaimed, "were thereby thrown down; and the knight, clad in steel, leveled with the naked shepherd."

The Devil and Dr. Faustus.—It is related that Faust, of Mentz, one of the many persons to whom the honor of having invented the invaluable art of printing is ascribed, having carried a parcel of his Bibles to Paris, and offered them for sale as MSS., the French, after considering the number of books, and their exact conformity with one another, even to points and commas, and that the best book-writers could not be near so exact, concluded there was witchcraft in the case, and by either actually indicting him as a conjuror, or threatening to do so, extorted the secret. Hence the origin of the popular story of "the Devil and Dr. Faustus."

Soldiers' Appeal.—Some old soldiers, going to be shot for a breach of discipline, on passing by Marshal Turenne, pointed to the scars on their faces and breasts. "What speech could equal this?" It had the desired effect. The marshal instantly stayed the execution, and pardoned the men.



A BROTHER'S BLOOD.

Cowardice never deserts a villain.

The rain which was still falling in blinding sheets, had converted the peaceful Santee into a torrent that rushed oceanward with deafening roars.

Upon its new boundaries Luke Darrell and his prisoner paused, and watched the patriots construct a raft.

When the ungainly thing was finished, the Tory, pleading for life, was lashed to it and shoved out into the merciless torrent.

A yell that blended demoniacally with the roar of insane waters, sent a chill to the hearts of the spectators, as the doomed man disappeared forever to mortal eyes in the palpable Stygian gloom!

Luke Darrell's oath was fulfilled, and his brother avenged.

He continued to be the Tories' terror till the dawn of the glorious peace our forefathers so dearly purchased with good men's lives, when he gained the hand of and led to the altar the fair creature who was to have been his brother's bride.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

"Tom Dickson's Boy."

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

AFORE the lad war ten year old he war know'd all over as Tom Dickson's boy. Never heard enny other name fur him, not even arter he got to be one uv ther best trailers in the kentry. It war Tom Dickson's boy done this, an' Tom Dickson's boy done that, but never his own name, an' durned ef I believe he had enny other."

It was Ferd Hanley who was speaking, and it appeared that Tom Dickson's boy, whoever he was, was the subject of conversation.

"How did he get that name, Ferd?" asked one of the fellows.

"He didn't git it; it jess fastened onto him, as 'twur, an' this here is how it happened."

"Tom Dickson—thet ar' the old 'un—kem out durin' ther Californy fever, an' arter runnin' ev'ry thing into the ground at the mines, he backed out from grubbin' an' pannin', an' built him a snug ranch close down by the Mexikin line, in the 'Pache kentry, on ther west side uv ther Mimbre hills. Fur two or three year Tom done fust-rate, an' made a heap outen ther greaser traders, but about thet time the old woman, Tom's squaw, went under, an' left

uv water between him an' ther young 'un in ther ranch."

"Come, Ferd, that won't do! Let down a few miles on that water," said one of the boys, laughingly.

"Well, thar war a power uv it, more'n Tom could wade, fur some places it war nigh a mile deep, an'—"

"Why, yer old sinner, yer ar' getting worse and worse. A mile deep?"

"I'm durned ef I give a inch this time. Enny durned fool as knows the kentry what I'm a-describin' uv, knows thet it ar' chock-full uv canyons, gullies an' barrancys, an' ef the water overflowed the kentry, warnt them places bounden to fill up?—an' Rube, thar, kin tell yer thet some uv them barrancys ar' more'n a mile deep."

"I dunno 'bout ther mile, fur I hain't never measured ther gully," said Rube. "But I'll tell yer, boyees, thar war a slab-sided Yankee as war foolin' aroun' ther place ther very mornin' I war startin' west-ard fur ther season, an' the cuss fell in.